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THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The circulation of the SATURDAY REVIEW has increased so largely as to render it impossible to carry on the publication any longer on the premises of Messrs. JOHN W. PARKER AND SON. Those gentlemen, to whom the best thanks of the Proprietors are due for their exertions in promoting the interests of the REVIEW, have now discontinued their connexion with it; and a new Office has been established at No. 39, Southampton-street, Strand, to which the Proprietors request that all Advertisements and Communications may henceforth be addressed.

As many applications have been made for the entire series of the REVIEW from its commencement, it may be convenient to state that the Numbers of which the impression is exhausted will be shortly reprinted. A few bound copies of Volumes I. and II. will also be prepared; and it is requested that persons desirous of obtaining them will intimate their wish without delay to the Publisher, at the new Office.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

IT has been said that hypocrisy is the involuntary tribute which is paid by vice to the majesty of virtue. The mockery of representative institutions which the Emperor of the FRENCH has thought fit to set up may, in somewhat the same sense, be regarded as the homage paid by despotism to liberty. For what purpose this figment of a Parliament was stuck up, it is rather difficult to divine. One would almost suppose that the EMPEROR kept it only as an amulet to ward off the evil eye, or to avert the NEMESIS of a too prosperous tyranny. He surrounds himself with the emblems of freedom, in much the same spirit in which the Pharisee wore his phylactery, or a tipsy Mussulman hangs a bit of the Koran round his throat. For any practical working or independent operation the French Chamber is absolutely useless and contemptible. The Government send the EMPEROR's Chamberlain to turn out M. MONTALEMBERT—the "Chevalier d'honneur of the Princesse BACCIOCCHI" is recommended to the electors of Corsica by an autograph letter signed "NAPOLEON"—and the distinguished functionary in question presents himself to his free and independent constituents with a declaration that, if any other person should come forward, he would be guilty of an act of opposition to the will of the Sovereign. Such are the representatives, and their political career has proved eminently consistent with their personal status. A Parliament of flunkies is of course the Paradise of flunkedom. A certain Roman Emperor paid the ancient constitution of Rome the compliment of creating his horse a Consul. His French imitator, emulous of that practical epigram on free institutions, constructs his Parliament out of *chevaliers d'honneur*.

Shallow people, who judge of men and things only by temporary results, seem to us to have formed as false and unfounded a notion of the real nature of LOUIS NAPOLEON's present success as they formerly had conceived of his character and abilities. Ten years ago, all the world considered him a great fool—now all the world hails him as a great statesman. But the world, it appears to us, in both instances has fallen into a great mistake. Without considerable ability, character, and courage, no man could have reached the position which LOUIS NAPOLEON occupies. But when his admirers—not being *chevaliers d'honneur*—claim for him the character of a statesman, we may ask them what the object of their praise has done for the country he aspired to govern? The revolution of 1848 was, without question, a great blunder and a great catastrophe. We are ready to admit that the state of things to which the complications arising out of it had given birth, was, in 1851, rapidly approaching an intolerable climax. It is quite possible to allow that the *coup d'état* of December 2nd may have

been inevitable, without pretending that either the act or the actor can be justified on any principle known to the code of private honour or of public morality. But without staying to inquire into the original crime—for crime it was—by which Imperial power was acquired, let us, before we consent to repeat the parrot-cry of fulsome adulation, ask ourselves to what ends that power has been applied, and what it has accomplished. We shall be told that it has made France tranquil. On this point, however, it is impossible not to observe that there are two very different kinds of tranquillity—one the tranquillity of a refreshing repose, the other the tranquillity of a lethargic torpor. There are some crises in disease in which the relief produced by a powerful opiate may be essential and salutary; but to make the medicine part of the patient's ordinary diet is not to appease the delirium, but to undermine the constitution. Which species of tranquillity is it that LOUIS NAPOLEON has administered to France? Has his treatment consisted in the violent remedies of the ignorant quack, or in the healing wisdom of the skilful physician? The condition of things in 1851 was critical and exceptional, and the *coup d'état*, if it is to be defended at all, must be defended on exceptional grounds. But the character of the man who took advantage of a political juncture to further his own ambitious and personal objects must be judged, not by the temporary success of the stroke, but by the permanent result which he has produced on the country the government of which he has seized. The position of LOUIS NAPOLEON in history will depend, not on the fortunate accident of his usurpation, but on the political system which he has established, and on the future of which he has laid the foundation.

When we ask ourselves in what respects the social or political situation of France is better in 1857 than it was when LOUIS NAPOLEON possessed himself of absolute power in 1851, we confess that we can find no satisfactory answer. If the Emperor of the FRENCH had been gifted with any of the higher qualities of statesmanship, his first aim would have been to reconstruct, out of the wrecks of revolutionary disorganization, some vital and self-sustaining principle of government. Instead of this, he has contented himself with relying on the mere brute force which for the moment had become all-powerful in the midst of social distraction. The indolence and love of pleasure which seem to be the characteristics of his disposition have deterred him from attempting to build up any political system offering to France the prospect of a solid and reasonable tranquillity. The Government of the 2nd of December was, in its origin, an occasional Government, and it has never had the moral force to give a permanent character to its constitution. As long as the Civil List is voted, the metropolis amused, and the people kept from grumbling by donatives, the Emperor of the FRENCH seems to be satisfied that he has performed all the functions which his position imposes upon him. But what root has Government, in the proper sense of the word, taken in France under the auspices of its present ruler? Has it advanced one step in public opinion since the *fusillades* of December? The first NAPOLEON founded his throne on the aggressive passions of an unchained democracy. As long as he could feed their maw with glory, he retained his influence; but when the moment of adversity arrived, he paid the just and natural penalty of a selfish and unpatriotic policy. His power faded as quickly as it had grown; and the gourd which had sprung up in a day under the summer's sun, was withered as quickly by the autumn frost. The first NAPOLEON fell because he had used the power committed to him solely for his personal and selfish ends—because he had never sought to identify the sympathies of the people or the interests of the Empire with the objects which he pursued with so much ability and good fortune.

His nephew, with far inferior genius, but almost greater luck, seems to be pursuing the same policy, and hastening to the same end. Can any reasonable or thoughtful man see, in the existing situation of affairs on the other side of the Channel, the promise of a tranquil future? In what respect, we would ask, is the political repose of France more assured since the 2nd of December, 1851? There is still the unmixed government of the sword. Public opinion, intellect, and worth are trampled under foot by the *demi-monde* rabble of a Court of adventurers. Throughout the length and breadth of France, the Government is regarded with indifference by the vulgar, and despised by the educated classes. The country submits, it is true; but it submits with a mingled apathy and disdain. The patient may sleep for the moment, but he will assuredly awake again, one day or other, to a more certain and fearful delirium. The present dictatorship in France was the temporary refuge of a terror-stricken people, but the Government is fast losing the support which it found in the servile fears of the middle class. The present state of things cannot continue for ever. Already, within the past year, murmurs have been heard which have caused the EMPEROR serious and well-founded uneasiness. The profligate public expenditure, which it would have been the proper function of an independent Parliament to control, is hastening on a social crisis, which will, at no distant day, try to the uttermost the strength of Government in France. LOUIS NAPOLEON has staked everything on his personal popularity, and with that popularity his whole power must crumble to pieces; and then the country will feel the whole extent of the blunder which has been committed, in neglecting the precious opportunity of five years of tranquillity to plant and foster some system of government which should have a chance of surviving the accidental fortunes of a single man.

If there had been any *bonâ fide* attempt on the part of the EMPEROR to give a true representation to public opinion in the Chamber, restrained by such limits as the condition of France might require, it would have been possible to hope that her political and social diseases might gradually heal themselves by the curative powers of nature. But the insolent manifesto lately set forth in the *Moniteur* shows that there is no honest intention to give any real existence to this Imperial plaything. The so-called "representatives," it is clear, are meant to be exactly like any other officers of the household, and to form part of the pageant without partaking of the power of the State. The enemies of free institutions will tell us with a sneer that these are the natural fruits of universal suffrage. They take the same sort of delight in the degradation of the representative principle as a *roué* would find in the detection of a missionary in a peccadillo, or in the sight of a Quaker reeling in the street. But the truth is, that the whole of France, from the very nature of its civil government, is one gigantic close borough. To return an independent member against the influence of the Imperial Government would be almost as easy as to return a Tory for Calne, or an opponent of the Ministry for a dockyard. It rested with the EMPEROR to determine whether the elections should be free, and he has not had the courage to make up his mind in the affirmative. He has never dared to trust public opinion, and public opinion is beginning to turn against him. All the precautions which have been taken to make the elections safe, are fresh proofs of the distrust with which the EMPEROR views the state of public feeling towards his Government. He adheres to the simple principle of force on which he founded his power, and his Government has not cast one single root into the country by which it might sustain itself against the accidents which may unmake as easily as they have made it.

While such a state of things exists in France, there may be a powerful army, but there is not a strong Government. On this subject we venture to borrow the language of an article in *Fraser* to which we have lately called attention—"What is meant by a strong Government? In one sense, that Government is strong which is unrestrained by law. In another sense, that Government is not strong which needs the support of half a million of bayonets, which dreads the pen of the merest scribbler, which quakes at the whisper of a *salon*. Again, that Government is, in one sense, stable which, whatever the vices of the ruler, cannot be changed by the public will; but, in another sense, that Government is not stable which depends on the life of a single man, or even on the continuance of a dynasty. And when the break comes, it is not a change of Ministry, but a civil war; and a civil

war, not between principles, but between pretenders—of all wars at once the bloodiest and the most vile."

It is not difficult to see how different the state of things might have been if the Emperor of the FRENCH had really been a wise statesman, instead of a fortunate adventurer. If he had had the moral courage to rely on public opinion to sustain him in his difficult task—if he had given a decent and safe representation to the real feeling and intelligence of the country, by which they might have expressed their wishes and secured their interests—if he had put an independent check upon the extravagance of a profligate Court—if he had had some faith in the power of right, as well as in the force of might, he would have saved France for himself and for his dynasty. But the golden opportunity which never recurs in the tide of human affairs is passing away, if it be not already past. The fruits of this shallow policy will soon ripen into maturity, and the house which has been built upon the sand is already tottering to its fall.

OUR SEPOY ARMY.

THERE was some truth in what Lord ELLENBOROUGH said the other night, when he asserted, with reference to the last alarming intelligence of new mutinies and massacres in the Indian army, that the source of all the existing discontent "is the apprehension that there is an intention on the part of the Government to interfere with the religion of the natives." In fact, whatever may be the predisposing causes of these military revolts—the general spread of which the greatest Indian statesmen have regarded as the one cardinal danger from which alone, if ever, is to proceed the downfall of our Eastern empire—the proximate causes of mutiny are always to be found in some apprehension in the Sepoy's mind regarding the loss of money or the loss of caste. He stands up boldly for his religion, and he stands up boldly for his pay. So long as we do not alarm him on one or other of these essential points, he is true to the Company, docile and obedient. But cut down his allowances a few annas a month, or compel him to do that which may in any way soil the purity of his caste, and he stands forth an obstinate mutineer.

In either case, he is often mistaken. He is alarmed by the phantom rather than by the reality of danger—he is betrayed into a strong delusion, and he readily believes a lie. His religious weaknesses are the more easily assailable by the unscrupulous mendacity of designing men because there is a wider field for the excursions of vague conjecture, and fewer stumbling-blocks of proof in its way. And when the fire is kindled in this direction, it blazes more fiercely and spreads more widely than when the igniting sparks fall elsewhere. Right well has this been understood by the enemies of the British Government ever since, fifty years ago, a proposed alteration in the head-dress of the Madras army was converted by the agents of the deposed family of Mysore into a sign of our intention to turn the Sepoys into *topi-wallahs* (or hat-wearers, like the English), and thence into Christians, until the alarm thus engendered resulted in the event known in history as the massacre of Vellore. Remembering this, we are not surprised to see that with the tidings of the recent disturbances in the Indian army are associated rumours of certain efforts made by some of the deposed Princes of India, or their adherents, to foment this mutinous spirit by the dissemination of monstrous stories—such as only the childlike credulity of "Jack Sepoy" could take to heart—of the intention of the British Government to convert him forcibly to Christianity, or otherwise to outrage and humiliate him. It has even been said that these lies have been manufactured in London, and that the most transparent absurdities have derived some weight and solidity from the asserted opportunities of their propagators to acquire accurate information in England from personages of the highest distinction amongst us. We grieve to say that a native of India, when once he sets an intrigue on foot, is not very scrupulous regarding the means he employs to promote it. It is quite possible for a Secretary or Minister attached to the suite of one of the Indian princes or chiefs now in England, to propagate a report—such as that alluded to by Lord GRANVILLE the other night—to the effect that the present GOVERNOR-GENERAL had gone out "under a pledge to Lord PALMERSTON, that he would do his best to convert the whole native population of India." It is quite possible for one of

them to write that the European troops recently shipped for China are being sent out for the forcible conversion of the Sepoys to Christianity, and to cite Lord PALMERSTON's uncle, or Lord PALMERSTON himself, or any other fabulous or real personage, as his authority. The genius which could conceive the idea of introducing to the Queen Mother of Oude certain Aspasias of the Argyle Rooms as the sisters of the Premier, is capable of any flight of romance. We may smile at these things, but we cannot always smile them down. It may be true that all lies have sentence of death recorded against them from the hour of their birth; but how much mischief may they do before the sentence is fully executed!

The peril of which we speak is one to which we have been exposed, more or less, ever since we have had an Indian empire and an Indian army; and what new elements of mischief, we may be asked, are in operation at the present moment? After the lapse of a hundred years from the time when CLIVE fought that great battle of Plassey which established the military ascendancy of Great Britain on the banks of the Ganges, the Sepoy army, in spite of occasional incidental outbreaks of iniquity, has still remained firm and faithful to its European masters. But within that interval, what events have happened—what kingdoms and principalities have been overturned—what sovereigns and sons of sovereigns have been stripped of dominion, and reduced to mere pensioners on our bounty! We need not say that India is swarming with these ex-potentates—England itself is swarming with them. Newabs, and Rajahs, and Ameers have become so plentiful, and so familiar to us, that Cockneydom has long since ceased to stare at jewelled turbans and spangled tunics, and other articles of Oriental attire. If the President of the Board of Control were to hold a Durbar, there would be need of police regulations to preserve Cannon Row from a blockade of entangled carriages. With the exception of the young Maharajah of the PUNJAB—who, being a good Christian and a loyal gentleman, is, we presume, regarded by Eastern malcontents as a renegade and an apostate—all these “Indian princes,” or these agents and representatives of Indian princes, have been brought to England by some real or supposed grievance, and have something to complain of, something to resent, something to redress. Towards the Government which has cast them down from their high places they entertain, whether they disguise it or not, one common feeling of hatred. In some instances, perhaps, the princes themselves have little strength of will, little penetration, and little resolution; but their Ministers possess the qualities which they lack, and are not the less active for evil because no insignificant section of them consists of dismissed and disgraced native servants of the British-Indian Government. From opposite ends of India these men—who would never have met in their own country—are banded together in St. John's Wood or the New Road. If they have not a community of interest, they have a community of hatred. They have little to do but to intrigue; and we repeat that there are many of them capable of a design to subvert the fidelity of our Sepoy army, by the propagation among them of terrifying lies.

We do not disguise from ourselves that there is some danger in this. But out of this nettle, danger, we may pluck the rose of safety. If there were any prospect of these different Indian intriguers being true to one another, we might feel some anxiety regarding the cabals which are now matter of notoriety. But there is little chance of any such result. They are well-nigh certain to fall out among themselves. *Dum singuli praeliantur, universi vincuntur*. If there are no traitors in that motley camp, the turbaned strangers must have learnt very recent lessons of fidelity and honour; and we have little doubt that any designs hostile to our Government, which may be formed by natives of India, will be fully revealed to the authorities, if not in time to prevent mischief, at all events in time to punish the offenders. It were well, therefore, that these persons should bethink themselves of the difference between legal and illegal combinations, and beware how they jeopardise their own safety and place themselves within the retributive reach of the law. The subject may not be altogether unworthy of the consideration likewise of such of our own countrymen as are disposed to encourage the intrigues of exiled “Princes of India.” Contemplating nothing worse than striking a blow at an unpopular governing body, they would be horrified to think that, directly or indirectly, they could do anything which might possibly result in the murder of their own sons and brothers, after the manner of the Massacre of Vellore.

In the meanwhile, should anything be done, overtly and authoritatively, by the Indian Government, to remove the dangerous misapprehensions which have been eating their way into the Sepoys' minds? Lord ELLENBOROUGH, a retired Governor-General of India, declares his opinion that a few pregnant sentences emanating from the supreme authority in India, and conveying a distinct assurance that the British Government will for the future, as in times past, protect all its subjects in the undisturbed exercise of their religion, would, if proclaimed and circulated throughout all the stations of India, speedily restore confidence and loyalty to the soldiery, now deluded and estranged by the diffusion among them of disturbing errors. To this Lord GRANVILLE answers, on the part of Government, that such a notification would appear to imply “some sort of acknowledgment that there was a change in the policy of Government; whereas it ought to be as patent as possible that it is, and always has been, and, therefore, always will continue to be, the policy of the Government to afford the greatest possible protection to the natives in the exercise of their religious rights.” We believe that the weakness indicated in this reply is peculiar to Governments. The apprehension that a promise to do right for the future may be construed into an acknowledgment of having done wrong in the past, has no influence—no existence—elsewhere. A tradesman who announces his intention of giving every possible satisfaction to his customers during the approaching season by selling the best goods at reasonable prices, does not, by this announcement, acknowledge that he has cheated his customers before; nor is he in the least afraid that any such construction will be put upon his promise. Of course, it is right that the public should take it for granted that, being an honest tradesman, he is *always* prepared to give good money's-worth for his customers' money. And it is right that a wise Government should have full credit for its wisdom, and especially that it should not be suspected of having at any time contemplated the dangerous folly of interfering with the popular religion. But what if the people will not believe in the tradesman's honesty or the Government's wisdom? What if the one is losing custom, and the other the loyalty of its subjects, from the effects of a dangerous misapprehension? Is it the part of wisdom to remain obstinately mute in such an emergency? There may often be truth in the proverb that “Speech is silver, silence is gold,” but not when a dangerous error is stirring men's hearts, and a word in season may neutralize the poison. *Quieta non movere* is a good rule, but not *Inquieta non movere*. Surely the silence and inactivity recommended by Lord GRANVILLE are not the means of making anything “as patent as possible.” By declaring the intentions of the Government, past, present, and prospective, we should really acknowledge nothing but our sense of the dangerous misapprehension now irritating the Sepoy mind. And how is that fact to be ignored? Can we hide the truth and escape the danger by burying our heads, ostrich-like, in the sand?

THE TRADE IN BEVERAGES.

NOBODY pretends that Public Houses should not be placed under some sort of exceptional legislation. It is impossible that we should leave out of account their character as places of entertainment—that is, as places in which the temptations to immorality are multiplied in number, and acquire unusual force. The differences of opinion which the debate on Mr. HARDY's Beer Bill has brought out relate only to the mode in which the trade of the Licensed Victuallers should be distinguished from other trades. The brewers wish to continue, and Mr. HARDY to intensify, a system under which sobriety and regularity are sought to be obtained by limiting beforehand the number of Public Houses. There are manifold objections to this plan, besides that greatest one of all which is derived from the inevitable miscarriage of every attempt to regulate a trade by antecedent provisions. In the first place, the fewness of Public Houses has little or nothing to do with public morality, even in the article of temperance. In the next place, their fewness is secured by the application of a fallacious and delusive test, inasmuch as the requirements of particular localities—to which the number of Public Houses is now apportioned—are never, in the nature of things, to be ascertained with any approach to certainty. Added to this, the existing system fosters an irritating and unnatural monopoly, and deprives the consumer of the advantages of free competition. That the portion of

the public to which beer is of the first necessity gets bad beer, without having its inducements to self-indulgence lessened, is a consideration sufficient to put humane and fair-dealing men on the search for better, more effectual, and more equitable arrangements. Accordingly, it is proposed to place the magistrates under the obligation of licensing every applicant for leave to open a public-house who may give fair *prima facie* proof of character and honesty. But still the licensed victualler is not to be exactly assimilated to other traders. He is to be placed under a wholesome despotism. On the slightest indication of habitual disorder in his house, he is to be deprived of his license; and we should ourselves suggest that the power of deprivation should be lodged, wherever practicable, with stipendiary magistrates, rather than with any section of the great Unpaid. The control thus created over the liquor-trade will not, therefore, differ in kind from that which is claimed by the law over every mercantile interest, but it will differ greatly in amount and degree.

Mr. HARDY's great point is, that the *beer-houses* have failed. No doubt they have. They have failed utterly; and the wonder is, how the Duke of WELLINGTON's Government ever came to hit upon this unlucky compromise between two antagonist principles. A beer-house is merely a public-house carrying weight in the race of competition. It is not allowed to sell spirits, and it is closed at an early hour of the night. It is only hypocrisy which can affect to marvel at the result. The beer-houses in London are so few, and so languishing, that it is not worth while to study their characteristics; but in the country a beer-house competes with a public-house by ministering to other appetites beside the thirst for drink. It is the place where Mr. WILLIAM SYKES keeps his tools and plans his campaigns, and where he spends his unoccupied hours in the congenial company of his paramour. Mr. HARDY would amend these houses of reception by extinguishing them. We, on the other hand, would convert them into public-houses, and would place every class of public-house under a supervision far stricter than any which has hitherto been ventured upon. If Mr. HARDY had his way, the consequences would be, that beer would grow some degrees weaker and worse through the length and breadth of the country, while some dozen brewers would migrate into larger houses, and insert longer pedigrees of themselves in the Peerage. Mr. SYKES, his friends, and his lady-love might be harder put to it for a snuggery; but the public would pay dear for the inconvenience occasioned to them by having every trace of free competition in liquor brushed away.

Perhaps the most untenable—we had almost said, the most impudent—argument employed by the adherents of the existing system, is that which associates it with sobriety and self-control. This astounding assumption escapes examination, simply because it passes rapidly from hand to hand. The best organization of the liquor trade which one could imagine would be that which would give the poor man the opportunity of quenching his thirst, at the first moment when he felt it, in the simplest manner, and with the best liquid of the sort required. But the system which now prevails, by forcing the thirsty soul to go some little distance in order to obtain refreshment, gives a certain deliberateness to his intention of drinking, and the fewness of the public-houses compels him to drink in a crowd. Does any one pretend that flaring gas, Louis Quatorze mouldings, a ringletted bar-maid, and a cheery company on cushioned seats, are not in their way provocatives to dissipation? Are we really asked to believe that the Gin Palace, which is exclusively a creation of the present law, is on the whole a promoter of temperance, and allied in a sort of secret partnership with Dow, Gough, and the Maine Law. The truth is, that the chief recommendation of the change which we advocate is the notable diminution it would effect in the incidental luxuriousness of houses of entertainment. When the publican is forced by competition to improve the quality of his beverages, he will be compelled to abate something of the gorgeousness of his fittings. There may be a few "scenes of splendour" in this trade as in the drapery business; but, as a general rule, the public-house will acquire the decent appearance of the ordinary retail shop, and it will come to be known that mirrors and ormolu must be paid for in the badness of the beer or the spuriousness of the gin. The profits of the great brewing firms may fall off a little, but perhaps they can afford it, since, for these thirty or forty years, as Mr. KER SEYMER tells us, "they have been doing pretty well." One

or two of these magnates will moreover have the satisfaction of knowing that their connexion with the religious world will be less frequently spoken of than at present with a sarcasm or a smile. For our part, we confess that whenever a blue and gold board, lighted up by the same gas lamp which blazes over drunken men and painted women, reveals to us the name of an Evangelical spokesman or a Sabbatarian agitator, we feel it to be much as if the houses in Holywell-street were discovered to be held in secret trust for the Society for the Suppression of Vice, or as if St. Paul had invested the savings of the primitive Christians in the silver shrine business, under the Limited Liability Act, at Ephesus.

THE CONTRACT COMMITTEE.

TO have done a thing on a wrong principle once is, with some persons, always a sufficient reason for doing it in precisely the same way again. Accordingly, having learned from the experience of last session that a Committee thoroughly impregnated with officialism was not likely to bring out much information on the working of Government contracts, Ministers have insisted on giving to the reappointed Committee a still more decided bias in the same direction. The last Committee sat only for a short time, but long enough to show that it was not on the right track. It succeeded in eliciting a mass of not very interesting detail; but no one can read the evidence without remarking that, whenever a witness approached the point on which the whole matter turns—namely, the relations between the departments and those whom they employ,—the examination was sure to be so slurred over as to leave everything as dark as before. The choice between competition by price and competition by quality—the comparative advantages of employing a select body of tradesmen, and of advertising for tenders from all the world—the possibility of obtaining incorruptible and infallible inspectors at thirty shillings a week—and many similar topics, into which the late Committee plunged with ardour, are, we dare say, very proper subjects for investigation. But, however these petty details may be arranged, and whatever may be the machinery or the staff employed, the real desideratum must always be to get the public work done by men on whom the Government can rely for conscientious and efficient service. To do this, you must treat them fairly; and what is more, you must satisfy them that they will be fairly dealt with. The Government ought to have the pick of the whole mercantile world to compete for its contracts. It is notorious that this is not the case. Many of the best houses refuse to look at a Government contract, and would as soon think of speculating in *Rouge et Noir* as in the service of Her MAJESTY. So long as this is the case, it is hopeless to expect that the country will be efficiently served; and if the Committee will only diligently investigate the causes of this phenomenon, they will do more to put things on a sound basis than if they were to spend twenty years in the most minute inquiry into the quality of quarter-master's stores or the proportion of shoddy in an average soldier's coat.

The little scene which took place on the nomination of the new Committee is not encouraging. Instead of seeking to obtain the assistance of the best qualified and most independent members, the Government seemed only bent on getting as many officials and quasi-officials as possible on the list, so as to destroy all chance of a searching inquiry. Out of the fifteen members as at first proposed, there were just four who represented the mercantile interest, against nine who were connected with the Government, the Army, and the Navy. Colonel BOLDERO had rather awkwardly contrived to omit two of the former Committee, and this was made a pretext for still further increasing the original disparity, by adding another military officer and another representative of Ministers. Whether the commercial members will be able to bring out the whole truth in so unfavourable an atmosphere will depend on their own energy and acuteness; but unless they succeed in thoroughly unveiling the relations which exist between the Government and its contractors, they will sit to little purpose.

The history of a public contract is one of the best jokes in the world. After all the preliminaries have been gone through, advertisements issued, tenders sent in, contracts signed, bonds given, and the rest, the upshot of the whole is that the contractor is bound hand and foot to his agreement, under heavy penalties for every delay or default, while the Government remains absolutely at liberty to perform its part

or not, just as it pleases, and cannot be legally compelled to pay a shilling of the stipulated price. The truth is, that except in a few peculiar cases, there is no such thing as a Government contract. It is a mere form of speech, signifying an arrangement to the effect that, under certain circumstances, A. B. shall be fined, and in certain other events shall be paid a given sum of money if the Government shall think fit to pay him. Of course, if nothing unforeseen happens, the Government, as a rule, does pay; but there are thousands of cases which may easily be imagined, where things do not go on so smoothly. Perhaps some inspector objects to the quality of the work. The contractor maintains that it is good, and appeals to the Secretary of State—he inquires of the inspector, who corroborates himself—and the payment is refused. In a private contract the matter would go before an umpire or a jury; but this is unnecessary when the authorities can decide in their own favour, and enforce their decision. A mere dispute about quality is, however, a comparatively simple affair. More troublesome questions constantly arise. Sometimes a department will deliberately abandon a contract into which it has entered, and then follows a wrangle as to the amount of compensation. The contractor, probably, asks too much—the Government, perhaps, offers too little. The man is obstinate, and won't abandon his claim, so the money remains in the national pocket, and there is an end of it. In this way a claim, the justice of which is admitted, may be rejected altogether, because the two parties, naturally enough, take different views of its proper amount. In private life, they would split the difference, or toss up, or arbitrate, or go to law. On a public contract, the non-official disputant has the privilege of accepting what it may please the superior powers to bestow.

We think the possibility of such an issue is quite enough to account for the reluctance of most commercial men to have anything to do with Government. It is no sufficient answer to say that Government authorities will not act shabbily. In the first place, it is not true. No men can be trusted to decide in a controversy in which they themselves have entered as partisans. Even official judgments will warp sometimes. A Lord Chancellor has been solemnly held incompetent to sit in judgment on a cause in which a particular company was interested, because he happened to be the holder of some of their shares. The House of Lords may be thought pedantic in having come to this decision, but we confess we like the principle. There is, moreover, another reason which makes it especially difficult for the administrative departments to act fairly as their own judges. It is beneath official dignity to hear a matter before deciding. Where the whole affair has been carried on with a single officer, he is generally sufficiently fair and well-informed to decide with something like justice. But perhaps half-a-dozen sub-departments may have been concerned in the matter out of which the controversy has arisen, and then the case is hopeless. No one man knows the truth of it. There is no pretence of going into anything like a judicial inquiry, but reports are privately obtained from the various officials; and if these are adverse to the contractor, all the evidence under the sun won't help him to get justice.

It would be a parallel case if Lord CAMPBELL were to decide causes in the Queen's Bench without any regular hearing, on the strength of a private correspondence with the friends of the plaintiff. Even this one-sided kind of investigation is said to be granted in general rather as a favour than as a right; and what with the inevitable bias, the want of precise information, and the absence of any satisfactory inquiry, it would indeed be surprising if the decisions arrived at were always as unimpeachable as some of the witnesses confidently maintained. There are some occasions on which the controversies between private individuals and Government officers can be brought to the arbitration of the bench, and the result is by no means uniformly favourable to the authorities. Thus contests about customs and legacy duties often go against the Crown; and even in engineering works, there have been examples of successful proceedings against the departments. These, of course, are rare, because it is only by some lucky chance—as, for example, where the works have been done for some corporate body of Commissioners—that the matter can be brought under the cognisance of a court of law at all. The Government, like other people, being sometimes found on the wrong side of a litigated question, it needs a large measure of faith to believe that it is

precisely when the authorities are safe from appeal that they are least liable to error.

Even if all who were adorned with official rank were as infallible as the Pope, our remarks would be equally to the purpose. It is not enough for public functionaries to be immaculate—they must be above suspicion. The grand object, so far as the public interests are concerned, is to secure the very best assistance that can be given in every national undertaking. This can only be procured when universal confidence has been engendered, and all are ready to come forward. But no such confidence will be placed either in men or boards, so long as they insist on being at the same time parties to a contract, and arbiters on the differences to which it may give rise. It is obvious that, assuming our description to be substantially correct, the machinery for the execution of Government contracts can never work satisfactorily until some tribunal shall be empowered to hold the scales between the Government and those who have dealings with it. Let the Committee call the Crown lawyers before them, and ascertain in what cases any legal appeal is available against the authorities, how far it can be effectually worked, and what the results have been in the few instances in which it has been found practicable, and they will furnish the materials for a reform without which the contract system never can be anything but rotten.

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

IT is always with some degree of reluctance and compunction that we write for English readers on the subject of American politics. Convinced as we are that the free life of the United States presents the only political phenomena which, out of his own country, are worthy an Englishman's attention, we feel it to be difficult, if not impossible, to command his interest without placing those phenomena under an aspect which is altogether false and deceptive. The view of political affairs in America to which the English public is habituated is one which depicts the whole future of the country as summed up in the disruption of the Federal Union, and all the hopes and all the fears of every thinking American as centering in that eventuality. The notion is about as correct as would be an impression that the possibilities which most deeply affect the politics of Great Britain are the abolition of primogeniture, the degradation of the House of Lords, or the conversion of Royalty into a Presidency for life. There are people in England who both think and say that these things will come to pass; and it is no doubt true—and a very bad symptom it is—that the severance of the Northern from the Southern States has come to be canvassed on the other side of the Atlantic much more seriously and frequently than heretofore. But, at the same time, it would be a gross mistake to suppose that any existing party shapes its policy, or that any living politician forms his alliances, on the assumption that the rupture of the Federation is within the range of possible contingencies. That the attitude assumed by the North in reference to Kansas tends to such a result, is a charge brought by the South against the Free States; but it is an accusation vehemently denied and bitterly resented—the most energetic protests against the injurious inference being uniformly put in by the most devoted supporters of Colonel FREMONT. When, however, the English journalist abandons the expressed or implied position that this overwhelming topic absorbs the whole interest of Americans, and descends to the narrower issues which really form the staple of American politics, he encounters general ignorance of the most elementary facts, and of the most notorious names. When France was a free country, the opinions and names of even her third-rate statesmen were part of the current coin of English conversation; but there is not one Englishman in a hundred who could understand a debate or a division in the American Senate, unless it were elaborately explained to him in the correspondence of his newspaper. This indifference flows no doubt from the disgust which is excited in us by almost everything we read of the disputes actually proceeding between American parties and politicians. There is something specially and strangely repulsive in the samples of American polemics which reach us in England. The language is so charged with slang as to be scarcely intelligible; but, so far as we understand it, an infamous morality seems to be conveyed in phraseology of brutal grotesqueness. A host of parties with uncouth designations—Hardshells, Softshells, Silver-

greys, Hunkers, and Barnburners—appear to be fighting each other with the keenest weapons of political controversy, and yet no one of them appears to have a higher object in home affairs than the carrying its own candidate into the Collectorship of New York. But on one point they are all united—the expediency of wresting territory from innocent neighbours by force or fraud.

We attribute these impressions, which have little or no ground in reality, to the obstinacy of the English press in quoting and depending on the *New York Herald* as the exponent of American opinion. The mixture of slang and cynicism which Englishmen are half inclined to regard as characterizing the whole political world of the United States, is pretty well confined to the columns of that curious newspaper and those of a few obscure imitators. The English journals have, however, learned that it has the largest circulation in New York, and therefore in the United States; and, accordingly, transferring to it ideas which are natural enough in the present state of the English press, they cite it as if there were no opinion in America except that of which it professes to be the representative. The mistake is a great one, and, inasmuch as it seriously hinders the mutual appreciation of each other by two great countries, we need no apology for exposing it. There is not, in point of fact, the slightest analogy between the position of the *Times* in England and that of the *New York Herald* in America. In the first place, the former is the dearest, the latter the cheapest, of its contemporaries; and this is in itself a considerable difference between the two journals, since the *New York Herald*, even if it have the largest circulation, is very far from constituting the most important newspaper property in the city in which it is published. Moreover, it is doubtful whether it does in fact circulate more largely than other members of the American press. The *New York Tribune* and the *New York Times*—a newspaper quite up to the level of English journalism—have each of them very nearly the same number of readers. But the true reason for declining to take our views of American politics from the *New York Herald*, is to be found in the fact that it does not address a class which exercises any serious influence on public opinion.

It has often been remarked that American society differs from that of England, not so much in the absence of any class which exists on this side of the Atlantic, as in the numerousness of certain classes which are here but scantily represented. English travellers have been known to describe the Americans as a nation of bagmen; and, no doubt, the class of which the bagman is the type swells in the United States very far beyond its English dimensions. So, too, we have but slight opportunities in England of studying a section of society, of most formidable extent in the larger Transatlantic cities, which Americans distinguish by the expressive epithet "rowdy." A "rowdy" is a fast man, belonging to what would here be called the "lower" orders. The high wages which an operative commands in America create a kind of dissipation and a class of debauchees almost unknown in England. The American artisan rises, generally speaking, above his English counterpart in intelligence, and equals him in good conduct; but material comfort has not an unmixedly good effect on the whole class, and a large fraction of it has all the ignorance of the English handicraftsman without his simplicity and his homely virtues. It is for persons of the last description that the *New York Herald* is chiefly written. It was originally a mere flash newspaper, and has still a good many of the characteristics of the almost forgotten *Age* and *Satirist*. It is slangy, because its readers talk in slang. It is immoral, because the morality of its readers is low. It is listless or trifling, extravagant or capricious, in its political judgments, because its readers lack that which, in America, is the best guarantee of moral elevation in the labouring man—a keen interest in the affairs of his country, and a steady allegiance to one or other of the parties which divide the political arena.

It is singular that a newspaper of this sort should have been metamorphosed by Englishmen into an exclusive organ of national sentiment, and particularly strange that the principal instrument of its elevation should be the *Times*. Our great contemporary takes every pains to place the *New York Herald* on a level with itself, and the pride of the American journalist in the rank thus forced on him is ludicrously displayed in reiterated assertions of his dignity as monarch of the American press. But, in perseveringly vouching the *New York Herald* as the authority for its views

on America, the English newspaper acts much as Wilkes would have done if he had carefully distributed about town Hogarth's caricature of his own visage. The *New York Herald* has indeed a kind of *faux air* of the *Times*. It exhibits the same levity of opinion, the same inconstancy of attachment, the same servility to naked success. But the taste, the power, the humour, the knowledge, the scholarlike touch, the elevation of language and occasionally of thought, which must be allowed to the *Times* even by those who are least inclined to like it, have nothing distantly resembling them in the loose and coarse effusions of the *New York Herald*. While, too, the *Times* has never even been suspected of misemploying its vast influence to disturb, for its own advantage, the delicate machinery of commercial credit, the *New York Herald* is at this very moment engaged in a controversy with its contemporaries which shows that its money-article is looked upon as anything rather than an indifferent record of the operations of Bulls and Bears. One journal, in short, is about as much like the other as the "Judge and Jury club" is like a real Court of Justice; nor shall we ever see anything like the *New York Herald* in England till the law of *DUNCAN v. DAVISON* has been repealed, till the Society for the Suppression of Vice has been abolished, and till the penny press has begun to avail itself of either advantage.

THE COMITY OF NATIONS.

SIR FITZROY KELLY, in proposing to alter the law as to wills of British subjects domiciled abroad, has brought before the House of Commons a subject important enough to deserve, and difficult enough to require, the gravest consideration. The circumstance which has suggested his Bill was a recent decision of the Privy Council in a case of *BREMER v. FREEMAN*, pronouncing against the validity of a will executed in the English form by one Madame ALLEGRI. The lady, a British subject, was born in India, and subsequently spent twenty years of her life as a member of her father's family in England. For some years after this she lived in Italy, and migrated, in 1838, to Paris, where she resided continuously for fifteen years, and at length died there in 1853. The circumstances of the case, into which it is not necessary to enter, satisfied the Courts, both below and on appeal, that the lady had *de facto*, and according to the law of nations, acquired a domicile in France at the time of her death, and also—although that circumstance was not thought material—in the year 1842, when the will was made. With the idea of preventing any doubt as to the validity of her testamentary disposition, Madame ALLEGRI, who had a large amount of personal property in this country, sent to England for a solicitor to prepare her will. The result was most unfortunate. The instrument was drawn and executed with the forms required by the English law, but not with those which are necessary to constitute a valid French will, and the effect has been that the care taken to make the instrument effectual has been the means of defeating it altogether. Sir FITZROY KELLY was counsel for the executors, and in the Court below he obtained a judgment in favour of the will, on the ground that the French law did not permit a domicile to be acquired so as to affect testamentary instruments except by naturalization or Imperial authorization, neither of which existed in the case of Madame ALLEGRI. The opinion of the Privy Council on the mass of contradictory opinions given by French lawyers, differed from the conclusion of Sir J. DOBSON, and they held that, for the purpose of testing the validity of a will, the French law did recognise a domicile acquired in the ordinary way by residence *animo manendi*. This question, as to what the French law of domicile in fact was, was the only point of difference between Sir JOHN DOBSON and the Privy Council. In all other respects the view which the English Courts take of the law of nations as affecting matters of this kind has been long settled. When a person dies domiciled abroad, the law of the country of his domicile at death governs the succession to his moveable property if he dies intestate. If a will has been made, its validity in point of form is decided by the same law.

The only question asked by our Courts as to the mode of execution of the will of a testator dying with a French domicile is, whether the Courts of France would pronounce the will valid or invalid. Having ascertained that, the invariable rule is to defer to the foreign law. Not only is this the doctrine of English jurists, but the maxim is one of the very few rules of so-called international law which

are accepted by almost every country in Christendom. Practically, the rule *Mobilia sequuntur personam et ejus ossibus adherent* is law throughout the world, and the extreme hardship of the case of Madame ALLEGRI's legatees arose, not directly from the application of this rule, but from the unsatisfactory and uncertain state of the French law on the subject of domicile. Sir FITZROY KELLY promises to obviate the possibility of decisions like that in *BREMER v. FREEMAN*, by abolishing to some extent the rule that a will must depend for its validity on the law of the domicile at death. So long as domicile continues to be the governing rule, and while the laws of foreign countries are involved in such perplexing uncertainty as the opinions of the French advocates in the case of *BREMER v. FREEMAN* disclosed, it will be always impossible for an Englishman resident in France to know by what rules his will ought to be framed. The only prudent course in every such case would be to comply with the solemnities required in each country; and if Madame ALLEGRI had done so, her intentions would not have been frustrated. But we think that persons who are subject to a law have a right to be told plainly what the law is; and if Sir FITZROY KELLY can devise any scheme which will save us from legal pitfalls without creating a new conflict between the Courts of different countries, he will deserve the thanks of every member of the community. What the ATTORNEY-GENERAL suggested was, that it would be better to settle some rules for the decision of questions of domicile, than to reject the law of domicile as the governing law. This would remove much of the confusion which now exists; but there is so much difficulty in saying whether an *animus manendi* or *revertendi* ought to be attributed to a gentleman or lady who may have gone abroad and died there, that domicile cases must always be uncertain and costly. The inconvenience of the rule is, besides, increasing every day. In old times, when people went away from home otherwise than as mere pleasure-travellers, they generally made up their minds to a permanent residence. Now they run to and fro with such rapidity, that they scarcely know themselves whether they mean to make one country or another their settled home. How many persons who go abroad, originally contemplating an early return, gradually acquire new ideas after having prospered for awhile, until they at length adopt the new country as their home! In every such case it is nearly impossible to say when the new domicile is first acquired, and if the wanderer happen to die before his intention has been unequivocally manifested, no rules of law could prevent a litigation of great difficulty from arising, if the fact of domicile at death is essential to the decision.

Sir FITZROY KELLY, though he does not venture on anything so bold as an abrogation of the universal rule, proposes to engraft upon it an exception, which would, in a large proportion of cases, render the inquiry into domicile immaterial. Whenever a will was made by a British subject, good by the law of his native country, though wanting in the solemnities required by that of his domicile, he would have it regarded as valid at least in England. He has not very clearly explained how he would deal with the converse case, when the will was valid according to the rule of the domicile, and void by our law; but we gather that in such a case he would apply the maxims at present received, and hold the instrument good. In other words, he would give a testator the option of being ruled either by the law of his allegiance, or by that of his domicile; and he would apply those principles which happened to support the disposition. There is some reason in such a proposition as this, but unless other countries would accede to it, it would introduce a vast amount of unseemly scrambling between rival courts. Certainly we ought not to establish the maxim unless we are prepared to concede the same privilege to other countries. Suppose the case of a child born in France, of French parents, brought to England at an early age, settling here, marrying an English wife, bringing up an English family, making an English fortune, and dying after half a century—leaving his property, as far as French law permitted, to strangers, by a French will, made without the attestation which our statute law declared to be essential. Should we be disposed, in such a case, to support the disposition, or should we not think it more just to distribute the property according to our own laws?

Yet unless we are prepared to do this, and we will add, unless other nations can be induced to go as far, the exception which Sir FITZROY KELLY would introduce might cause more hardship and mischief than it would prevent. If there were

any way of fixing the locality of moveable property, it would be a simple matter to apply the *lex situs*, as is always done in the case of land, and in this way many domicile questions might be got rid of. But it is on account of the impossibility of attributing locality to many kinds of personal property, that the rule *mobilia sequuntur personam* has been so extensively followed. When the nature of the property admits of it, there is no principle so easy of application as that of locality, and we don't see why it should not be extended to public stocks and other property which may fairly be said to be situated in the country by which the dividends are paid. But before considering these, or any other modifications of the law of nations, the essential point to be secured is to have a law of nations at all; and if each separate country legislates away established rules to suit its own convenience or sense of right, the comity of nations will soon cease to exist. We hope, however, that by broaching this subject, Sir FITZROY KELLY may bring about an inquiry which may ultimately lead to some useful suggestions for the improvement of the general unwritten law of Christendom. Nor do we see why some mutual agreements might not be entered into among the leading powers for the introduction of a few rational changes, and the establishment of more harmony than now exists. We have had a good many Congresses of late years—why should there not some day be a Congress on international law, to settle its primary rules on a more uniform and convenient footing than the course of conflicting decisions has succeeded in doing? But, before the fulfilment of any such dream as this, each country must know at least its own views; and the subject will, we hope, not be allowed to drop until some little progress has been made in this preliminary business.

AN AMERICAN CAUSE CELEBRE.

THERE are very few things in which the United States are not ready and willing to show their superiority over the old country. The citizens of the Great Republic have better rivers, better ships, better newspapers, more destructive railway accidents, and more exciting duels, than any other nation in the world; and they have lately distinguished themselves by producing, trying, and convicting a gentleman who certainly seems to have understood the art of getting rich upon nothing far better than Robson, Redpath, or any of the other distinguished criminals who have lately produced such a sensation on this side of the Atlantic. It would be difficult to imagine a more wonderful illustration of some phases of American life than is afforded by the trial of Charles B. Huntington, at New York, on no less than twenty-seven indictments, charging him with forgeries amounting in all to something more than 500,000 dollars. The proceedings began on the 16th, and ended on the 30th of December last; and the report of the trial fills no less than 454 closely-printed octavo pages. We will attempt to give our readers such a general outline of the proceedings as will enable them to appreciate the most remarkable bearings of this extraordinary story.

Huntington was born in 1822, at a place called Geneva, in the State of New York, where he received a good education, which was however interrupted—to use the poetical language of his own counsel, whose sketch of his *acta* and *gesta* we adopt—by “strange and inconsistent elements of error.” He cut a hole, for example, in a rosewood piano, “to discover whether it was made solid of that expensive material or only veneered.” He had also in early life a turn for imitating handwriting, which, on more than one occasion, developed itself into very awkward shapes; and whilst at school he distinguished himself for lying, and for tricks which, as a lawyer would say, “sounded in forgery.” In 1843, this promising lad came to New York, and went into business as a cabinet-maker, failing in 1845. This appeared to open to him a prospect as a bill-broker, and in the language of his advocate, “Into Wall-street he went. . . . There I see him now sitting at his desk, and scribbling and idly waiting—for what? It may be that he was struggling in the Slough of Despond, and it is not at all improbable that he thought of retiring from that great mart and maelstrom where cash, credit, and corruption with confusion worse confounded, carry crazy creatures crushing through a crowd.” However, “the overshadowing tower of Trinity Church must have chimed the alluring music in his ears of ‘Turn again, Huntington, Lord Mayor of London,’” and he overcame the temptation. His fortunes, however, fluctuated. In the spring of 1849 he got up an institution called the Baltimore Cemetery Company. Before the autumn of the same year this project failed, and the Buffalo Cemetery Company was formed in its stead. In a few months the Buffalo Cemetery managers purchased the privilege of Mr. Huntington's absence, and he devoted his energies to a similar institution at New York Bay. The New York Bay Company “all went through” in 1850, and Mr. Huntington established three “bogus banks” and a “Panama Steam Laundry Company” in the course of the next three years; after which he found it convenient to go to California, leaving behind him debts to the amount

of 140,000 dollars. He had devoted his spare time, in the intervals of the occupations above described, to forging bills in a small way, amounting altogether to about 2000 dollars. In 1854, he returned from California, and "his old friends who had suffered by him in the manner I have before stated, found in him the same child-like simplicity, the same easy, pleasant, quiet, plausible, winning ways; and they unhesitatingly held out to him an open hand. His private character was singularly beautiful. He was a most affectionate husband; and he not only showed this by abstaining from suicide, which he rather wanted to commit, but "his love for his wife made him once cunningly devise a plan for defrauding a Life Insurance Company by insuring his life for her benefit, and then destroying himself in such a way that the hand of the suicide should not be discovered, to avoid the policy."

After his return from California, he passed a period of comparative obscurity in New York. From March to July, 1855, he lived in a house of which the rent was no more than 60¢ per annum; but in the course of a few months, "prosperity dawned out of this darkness"—we still use his eloquent advocate's expressions. Forgery began to shed its healing influences on an obscure existence. "In the course of two or three months, he fitted up another house with imperial splendour," with the view, we are told, of "presenting it to a gentleman who had suffered heavily by some of those old forgeries." This was a small token of gratitude to his former connexion for having aided the prospects of a young and promising felon, by joining with others in releasing him from his liabilities. "From feelings of delicacy," the gift was refused, and Mr. Huntington moved into the house himself. What he did with the other establishment is darkly intimated by his eloquent advocate in the following terms, which we are led to connect with certain Scriptural allusions to "strange women" which occur in other parts of the proceedings:—"He gave it away, or threw it away, or in some manner and for some purpose, or he left it at commons, or he had no object in reference to it, or he did or did not do something else, I cannot tell what, when, or how; my mind is confused on that subject." With this comprehensive avowal of ignorance, the learned gentleman dismisses the subject of his client's house, and goes on to describe his furniture in language of equal splendour. It was purchased with the proceeds of a series of forgeries on different firms in New York, which, "as near as we can ascertain, by a tolerably accurate computation, must have reached during the year in which he followed these practices, to the staggering amount of nearly twenty millions." (4,000,000¢.) "He forged it, too, while occupying the identical chair which the great railroad forger, Robert Schuyler, occupied," and the persons whose names were used, "to use the slang phrase of the brokers, ranged from 'sore noses,' up to 'gilt edges.'"

This may be considered a sufficiently startling statement, and it may perhaps somewhat perplex our readers that it should have proceeded from the counsel for the prisoner, and not from the counsel for the prosecution. Huntington was indicted for forging a note for 6500 dollars, and the defence was that he had always been in the habit of forging, and that the note in question was only part of a series of forgeries to the amount of 20,000,000 dollars. The substantial defence was that he was mad; and his counsel seem even to have exaggerated the amount of his frauds, in order to increase the improbability that a sane man should have been guilty of them. Westminster Hall and the Old Bailey are not usually considered temples of modesty, but the most brazen advocate that ever appeared there would have blushed at the incredible audacity of the counsel for Huntington. They called a long series of witnesses to prove that he was a confirmed and habitual swindler—that he forged an order to get a microscope when he was a lad—that, when a young man, he forged an entry in his father's family Bible—that he passed the whole of his early manhood in one constant series of frauds, forgeries, and villainies of every description—that he was frantically and recklessly extravagant—that he spent vast sums of money on horses, carriages, furniture of a ludicrously expensive kind, and all sorts of other excesses. They then called three doctors, one of whom was his family physician, whilst the other two were professors in a New York medical college. His own doctor's evidence was that he could not believe a word that his patient said, and that he was much depressed in spirits during the year of his extravagance, which was perhaps not much more than was to be expected; but he distinctly swore that it never occurred to him that the man was mad in any sense of the word. The two other physicians, of whom one had seen him once, and the other twice, for an hour or two, expressed a decided opinion that he was labouring under "moral insanity." This state of mind, or rather of brain, was so peculiar, that we can only describe it in their own words:—

Q. Is your testimony that this tendency to forgery exists in his brain?—A. Yes, sir; and that organization is a diseased organization.

Q. But it exists, as I understand you, with the knowledge on his part that it is forgery which he is committing, and that it is a crime?—A. That is my opinion. I would add: he does this as a forgery, and knows that he does it; but how far he appreciates it as a crime I do not know.

Q. He knows it is a crime, and forbidden by law?—A. Yes.

Q. What is it, then, the propensity an indulgence of which his physical organization compels him, or induces, or leads him to exhibit in forgery?—A. What that organization is I do not know. I cannot tell what the organization is which furnishes the propensity which leads to forgery.

Q. You think it is not acquisitiveness?—A. No, I think not; for it does

not seem to be for the sake of what he makes, but that he has a fondness for that kind of business; is fond of making paper.

Q. The love of forgery, growing out of his organization?—A. Yes; out of his physical organization, the result of disease.

Q. And in your opinion, as a medical man, that exists in connexion with a perfectly mental understanding on his part that it is forgery and wrong?—A. I think so, sir. That is my opinion.

Q. Do you mean to say, as a medical man, that the propensity is so strong that he cannot resist it?—A. No, sir, I do not.

Q. To what extent, then, do you suppose his power of resistance is impaired by his physical organization?—A. I am unable to say how far.

Q. Would the physical organization of which you have spoken have a tendency to lead him to get up fictitious banks?—A. I do not know that it would not. He is fond of getting up fictitious paper of any kind.

Q. As a medical man, from your examination and his father's testimony, is his physical organization such as to lead him to get up spurious banks, spurious securities, and spurious notes?—A. I should say so, because it is part and parcel of the same affair.

Q. Is it such as would lead to getting up fictitious burial cemeteries?—A. I should suppose it would lead him the whole train of operations of that description.

The basis upon which this marvellous theory rested was simply that Huntington said, when the doctor saw him, that he had a passion for "making paper"—that nothing short of cutting off his hand would prevent him—that his affairs were "all right"—that he meant no harm, had some pains (which he never mentioned to his regular physician) in his head, slept ill, and saw sparks before his eyes. The theory itself was thus lucidly set forth by the prisoner's counsel:—

He cannot judge of the effect that crime and its consequences will have upon society. He has a perverted understanding—a perverted will—a perverted moral nature. He is driven by a certain impulse, which is in its nature and tendency irresistible, towards the perpetration of a particular kind of offence. Nobody contends that it is a physical impossibility for him to abstain, or that it is a moral impossibility for him to abstain. It is not that the act of killing is an irresistible act; but the tendency to do it is in its nature irresistible, although it may be resisted.

As far as we can understand this, it seems to mean that the man's brain is so constituted that he cannot help wishing to forge, though he can help forging. If this is the meaning of "moral insanity," it gives us a wide margin indeed of exemption from punishment.

The defence of insanity has often enough been absurdly applied; but we think Huntington's case is an absolute burlesque upon the most flagrant instances of the same kind that have occurred on this side of the Atlantic. One of the arguments to which the prisoner's counsel were driven was that he was deficient in the instinct of self-preservation in not running away soon enough, and in objecting to allow this defence to be set up for him. Another was, that he had no intention to defraud the person to whom the forged note was passed, and this was supported by the most wonderful imputations against that person's character. So that one half of the defence was that he had an insane passion for forging, and the other that he never forged at all. It is satisfactory to find that the jury were not imposed upon. He was convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment—a wonderfully lenient sentence.

Quite independently of the question of insanity, there is much in Huntington's trial that is well worth noticing. To an Englishman few things are so unsatisfactory in American institutions as the management of their courts of justice. The extravagant absurdity of some of the eloquence of the counsel is hardly to be believed. The following is from the opening speech of the District Attorney:—

It eminently challenges the attention of the legal scholar to know when and how and why the Encyclopedia of the criminal bar robbed the dictionary of honest labour of the word "Forgery?" You will not be able to find why and wherefore that (sic) the spendthrift sitting at his desk in secret, in self-imposed exile from the social community, alone with his crimes and his vices, should do that, according to the nomenclature of the law, which the arm of honest labour does as it strikes the anvil—forge—forgery. And yet through many years it has come down to us to mean that worst, that meanest, that most despicable of all the commercial lies which a man can tell or a man can make—a black lie and a white lie at the same time. One would think, as a man sits down at his desk to make a little forged lie, that the whiteness of the paper might teach him something of hesitation—might induce him to pause when the type of the crime came upon the paper to stain it as the very thought and very intent of the crime has stained his soul.

Most of us have heard the lower class of English barristers compliment juries on their special intelligence, but the public prosecutor of the State of New York concluded his opening address with the following peroration:—

And although strangers may sneer at this city, which we may proudly call a metropolis, and designate it the modern Sodom and Gomorrah, if it is ever to be saved I believe it will be redeemed because there may be found in it twelve righteous men, and they will be those who sit from day to day in the jury box of the criminal courts.

The conclusion of the speech of the counsel for the prisoner is more original still, and has a touch of what we suppose stands for piety in it. After arguing that there would be no danger to the public in acquitting Huntington, because they would be warned against him, he continues:—

But if the community of money-lenders will not be on their guard now, we must believe that the Almighty has purposely made them in his wrath as insane and deluded as Charles B. Huntington, and that Charles B. Huntington will again become, what we think he has been already, a humble instrument in the hands of Providence to take from them their ill-gotten gains.

All through the course of the trial, the newspapers discussed the subject night after night—the barristers read their articles in

Court, and replied to them by name—and the judge was denounced in the bitterest terms for mildly hinting to the jury (who are not locked up at night as with us) that they would do well not to read newspaper comments on the trial till it was over. Here, for example, is a dignified interlude. The *New York Herald* had thought it desirable to comment on the conduct of Mr. Brady, the counsel for the prisoner, who accordingly read the following extract, and made the following remarks upon it to the jury. The *Herald* says:—

In saying this, we feel satisfied that we are not overstepping the bounds of courtesy which courts are used to claim from newspapers. Mr. Brady is very good in instructing us on this point. It happens that we made ourselves practically acquainted with the rights of the press at a time when Mr. Brady's chief concern may have been about sugar-plums and toys. Nor do we feel now that the ripe warnings of this promising young lawyer, or the judicial admonition of Judge Capron, are in any way necessary to keep us in the right path.

Mr. Brady makes the following dignified observations on this remarkable passage:—

Thank the Lord of Heaven, if even for a moment I be permitted to indulge the feeling that I am thus rejuvenated. I thought I was upon the borderline of life, neither very young nor very old; but to be told that I am "a promising young lawyer," upon such high authority, makes me return my sincere thanks to the Editor of the *Herald*; and should I meet him, I will be glad to say that my hopes as a bachelor have been increased by his statement to an incalculable degree.

The strangest feature in the whole trial, to an Englishman, is the insignificance to which the Judge was reduced. The counsel excepted to almost every one of his rulings, and his summing-up was confined exclusively to matters of law. The proceedings form a significant comment on the want of dignity and independence which necessarily results from the practice of choosing judges annually by popular election. Nor can we say that the commercial morality of New York has got more credit by Huntington's trial than its judicial system. It appears to result from the evidence, that several of Huntington's customers knew quite well that he had been guilty of forgery, and actually discounted his forged bills knowing them to be forged, relying—often correctly—on the necessity under which he would be of taking them up at all hazards.

A GENTLEMAN OF DISTINGUISHED LITERARY ACQUIREMENTS.

TO have one's pocket picked is, on the whole, a compliment to the respectability of one's appearance; and when the handkerchief has been priggled, it would be foolish to grumble at the mark in the corner being taken out. The misfortune of losing its articles, and afterwards finding them hanging up in provincial journals, as in a sort of literary Field-lane, is one which frequently happens to the *Saturday Review*; but until last week we never dreamed that the Hebrew dealer, on being charged with the appropriation of our goods, would assert that he bought them of us as second-hand apparel. It seems that there is a newspaper in the West of England called the *Somerset County Gazette*, and another newspaper called the *Taunton Courier*. Their relations are apparently on much the same footing as those of the famous rivals of Eatonswill; and among other amenities which we have discovered in the copies which we have seen, there is one—"our little muddle-of-the-week contemporary"—which is really worthy of the great Mr. Pott. A fortnight ago, the *Somerset County Gazette* published a leading article, which our modesty prevents us from considering worthy of the large type and conspicuous position which was allotted to it. In fact, it was substantially the same paper which appeared in this journal three weeks since, under the title of "The Jews and the Jew Bill." Now, though the editor of the *Somerset County Gazette* admires the *Saturday Review*—which, as he handsomely remarks afterwards, is "one of the most spirited, well-written, and able newspapers in the country"—the editor of the *Taunton Courier* goes a step further, and actually reads it. Accordingly, he at once twitted the *Gazette* with what the wise call conveying our reflections on the Jew Bill, and elicited from its conductor an explanation which we hope may amuse our readers as much as it has done ourselves.

"Feeling," he says, in a weighty but somewhat involved sentence, "not equal personally to the continued performance of all the editorial duties of a newspaper, in conjunction with a close superintendence of the large amount of business which, by the kindness of friends, has lately been cast upon us—and, by the term 'business,' we mean not merely that immediately connected with our journal, but also that which comes under the denomination of 'general printing'—we have been thinking it would be as well to 'take things a little easier' for the future than has been our wont—a change which we believe will be attended with some improvement in the leading columns of our journal." The editor of the *Somerset County Gazette* conducts, in fact, as he presently explains, a printing establishment, in which ("we say it in no boastful spirit") a thousand pounds sterling are paid annually in the single item of wages. St. Paul, he adds, was not more closely pressed, when the care of all the Churches was upon him. "We have, in consequence, contemplated some slight diminution of our weekly task; and, in hope to render our journal still more useful and attractive, have arranged with a gentleman of high literary acquirements and character, to receive from him, after Mid-

summer, an article weekly for our editorial columns. Their other contents will be supplied by our humble selves as hitherto. The article on the Jew Bill came from that gentleman."

The editor then states that he has written to the gentleman of high literary acquirements and character, and speculates as to the explanation he will offer. Probably he will turn out to be a contributor to the *Saturday Review*. It would certainly appear in that case, that he must have sold his production twice over; but this little point in the morality of the transaction does not seem to affect the *Somerset County Gazette*. On the contrary, "although we shall not be willing to insert in our *Gazette* articles which are also to appear in another journal, though of the very first class, yet we shall not—nor, we feel assured, will our readers—the less value those productions of his which are intended for our *Gazette* exclusively because they are from the pen of a person who contributes also to one of the most spirited, &c. &c., newspapers in the country."

And thus, the interest having been dexterously suspended through three-quarters of a column, the catastrophe comes at last. Just as the editor is concluding, the gentleman of high literary acquirements sends his explanation. "Since writing the above we have received the following, in answer to a note we had sent the writer:—

"To the Editor of the *Somerset County Gazette*."

"SIR,—I am much obliged to you for sending me the article of your 'touch-and-go' contemporary. The old lady, the Mrs. Gamp of Taunton, has been acutely suffering lately from violent spasms, occasioned by the comparative success of your paper, and her leader was merely *ad captandum vulgus*, for she might have surmised, without drawing too largely on her brains, that the writer and author of the article in the London paper was identical with the contributor in your own columns. I am afraid that the allusion therein to the 'brimstone and treacle' was too much for her sensitive nerves, to say nothing of the *lex talionis* arising from her own former shortcomings. It is a great pity that her friends do not take care of her, as she is perpetually making discoveries of maro's nests, and will probably soon commit *felo-de-se*, unless it be true in her case that *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Let me remind her of the old proverb, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and she will be less likely in future to manifest such evident signs of being *non-compos*."

"Yours faithfully,

"ARGUMENTUM AD IGNORANTIAM."

We must confess that, on reading this letter, we were slightly taken aback. Our readers will observe that it is from ourselves. It is we who quote all that Latin. It is we who subscribe ourselves in the neuter. It is we who have all that marvellous knowledge of the weaknesses of the local press. Those are the sentiments, and that the style, which have won us the good opinion of our contemporary, and the reputation of being "one of the most spirited, well-written, and able newspapers in the country."

The Editor of the *Somerset County Gazette* has been swindled, and has been led, by his distinguished literary correspondent, into taking something of a liberty with the *Saturday Review*. But we can well afford to pardon a gentleman who has yielded us so much amusement. He has presented us a series of pictures quite inimitable in their way—the bothered editor, with the care of all the Churches upon him, coming to London to look for a coadjutor of high literary acquirements—the appearance of the literary gentleman as he quoted Latin to the admiring provincial—the literary gentleman copying the article from the *Saturday Review*, down to the very stops, but judiciously substituting "religious" for "evangelical," as being better adapted to a Palmerstonian journal in a Tractarian diocese—and lastly, the colossal impudence of that last letter, signed "Argumentum ad Ignorantiam," and peppered with *ad captandum vulgus*, *lex talionis*, *felo-de-se*, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and *non-compos*. Our contemporary is quite welcome to as many articles as he pleases, if he will only furnish us with a few more such gems of journalism. We make but one condition. Let him assure himself that the *Saturday Review* is not written by any sort of distinguished literary gentleman. God forbid that it should be.

CARDINAL WISEMAN ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE National Gallery question has been ably handled, as an abstract proposition, in a series of lectures delivered by Cardinal Wiseman at the Marylebone Literary Institution. The concluding lecture dealt with a topic to which we have already called attention—namely, the most desirable form in which a great Picture Gallery can be built. It will be remembered that last autumn we took occasion, upon the nomination of the National Gallery Commission, to repeat, in a more extended form, some remarks which we had previously offered upon the site and the plan of the prospective Gallery as they affected each other. We ventured to suggest the Inner Circle of the Regent's Park as the most appropriate *locale*, in case the removal of the national collection were decided upon, and a circular building, with galleries radiating from a central and domical hall, as the best shape which abstract reason could invent for the purpose; and we went on to show how that Inner Circle was, by anticipation, marked out for such a plan. These propositions have been more recently advocated by Mr. Beresford Hope, in his pamphlet on *Public Offices and Metropolitan Improvements*, and also, we believe, in the evidence given by him before the Commissioners. Subsequent reflection has only made us more satisfied with the desirability of our own plan, and it was, therefore, with no little satisfaction that we found ourselves supported by an uncon-

seious advocate in the Cardinal, who had, by an independent line of thought, attained similar conclusions as to the plan of the future Gallery. He was silent about its most appropriate *locale*; but the form in which he proposed to cast the future building was that of eight galleries radiating from a central hall, crowned with a cupola, and devoted to masterpieces. So far, his and our plans are identical. Then the lecturer suggested to connect these rays at their external face by a ring gallery, so as to give an octagonal form to the whole structure, and against its four cardinal faces to erect large oblong halls, respectively devoted to the entrance, the cartoons of Raphael, large frescoes—should any be saved and brought to England—and an art library.

Moreover, the Cardinal proposed an inner ring of little circular cabinets—one in each of the eight wedge-like courts—opening into the galleries, and devoted to such engravings, drawings, illuminations, &c., as it would be desirable to exhibit in illustration of the pictures proper—though not in immediate juxtaposition with them. The scheme of an illustrative exhibition in connexion with the pictures is very ingenious, and deserves attention. To the Ring Gallery also we have no objection to offer; but on the contrary, we approve it as facilitating communication, as well as for the additional space it affords. Neither do we wholly dissent from the notion of the four saloons, though somewhat doubtful of their effect if the relative proportion between them and the Central Hall which was shown on the Cardinal's block plan is to be preserved. For architectural effect the cupola requires commanding altitude, which cannot be purchased without proportionate diameter being given to the tambour. In this the Cardinal's plan failed, while the saloons received an expansion which would dwarf the central and important pile.

But we entertain grave misgivings as to the practical method of building which the Cardinal has recommended. His plan is, to construct at first so much of the whole pile as will externally wear the mask of perfectness, and he therefore proposes to start with the four halls, or saloons, and the Ring Gallery, leaving the radiating portion for future enterprise. Our existing collection will then be, *pro tempore*, disposed of in this shell structure. Against this scheme, involving as it does a perpetuation of makeshift, we enter a decided protest. If the collection is to be removed, let it be removed into its permanent habitation, and be arranged according to its ultimate classification. If the pictures are few, and the spaces between them wide, so much the better—the vacuity of the galleries will proclaim what we still require, and plead for its purchase or its gift. On the other hand, no one will be satisfied at seeing the pictures transferred to such a receptacle as the Ring Gallery, in which it will be impossible to obtain the view of more than a section at once, and in which the idea of completeness will be simulated. Architecturally, moreover, the Gallery, if built by piecemeal, will assuredly appear a failure. The Central Hall and Dome are its main features. If they are first built, the key will have been given, and the remaining structure can afford to grow by degrees. But the Cardinal's plan seeks to give a merely external aspect of extemporaneous completion, by erasing the Gallery's distinguishing characteristic in favour of what will ultimately be merely the screen to the internal edifice—the shell to the kernel. If so much and no more be provided, it will present itself as a tame, disjointed, unsatisfactory building, occupying the maximum area which the completed pile can ever occupy, and yet destitute of that central feature on which the grandeur of the whole will mainly depend. The single recommendation of such a method of construction is the supposed first saving of money. But experience has taught that a first saving of money through building by piecemeal proves generally in the end to be patent extravagance. In the present case also, this expedient will, we believe, check the growth of the Gallery, from the doubt which it will naturally engender of the building ever reaching its destined amplitude—a doubt which will paralyze the spirit of giving in the minds of collectors who are anxious to see justice done to their gifts.

With these drawbacks, we most sincerely congratulate Cardinal Wiseman on his plan, closely, though accidentally, similar as it is to that which we had already made public in the course of last year. If either scheme is to be carried out, there is, we repeat, but one site in London on which to try the experiment, and that is the Inner Circle.

Cardinal Wiseman is strongly opposed to the combination of a picture-gallery with an archaeological Museum or collection of sculpture. His arguments were very forcible, as directed against their co-exhibition in the same apartment—an expedient not to be applauded except in such a temporary and exceptional case as the Manchester Exhibition. But we own that, if this confusion be avoided, we can see no abstract objection to the closest proximity of the two collections. All reasons of practical convenience must preponderate in its favour. In one point, the lecturer hardly seemed to appreciate the force of his own argument. He rightly urged the architectural necessity of a basement to raise his National Gallery, as a building, to its due height—the picture-rooms, of course, being restricted in altitude by the requirements of exhibition. But such a basement can hardly be occupied by offices only. What then? Some use must be found for the rooms into which it will be divided. One at least is obvious—it may in part be devoted to that Art Library which the Cardinal proposes to lodge in one of his large halls.

THE LATER FLEMISH AND GERMAN SCHOOLS AT MANCHESTER.

THE publication of the second edition of the *Catalogue of the Exhibition of Art Treasures* may possibly make the examination of the pictures, as they actually hang in the Manchester saloons, more easy to the visitor; but it renders the chronological study of the progress of painting ten times more difficult. The former edition aimed at a systematic arrangement of artists according to their nationality and succession—the works of each painter being, as a general rule, grouped together, and the several schools following each other on an intelligible, if not very perspicuous, plan. And had it been possible to arrange the pictures themselves in regular order, a catalogue *raisonné* of this sort would have been as useful in the Gallery itself as it is for subsequent reference and as a memento of the Exhibition. Owing, however, to the unavoidable irregularities in the disposition of the pictures, the first catalogue showed one what was to be looked for, but did not point out where it was to be found. Some change was needed; but surely not such a change as has been introduced into the new edition. Not only are all the numbers altered, but in the pages of the new catalogue name follows name in the same perplexed order as the pictures on the walls. Without an unassisted search through the whole series of numbers, no one can tell whether he has not missed some important work, or some typical specimen of a school. A classified index is absolutely necessary as a complement to this merely local arrangement, in order to make it of any permanent value whatever. The new edition, we perceive, is still entitled *Provisional*, so that we may yet hope for a better guide before the close of the Exhibition. But meanwhile, how many visitors have been disappointed both of profit and pleasure! In fact, as we were among the first to point out, the popular success of the scheme, in an educational point of view, would have been greatly assured by the addition to each picture of a legible ticket describing its author, school, and subject. The purchase of a shilling catalogue doubles the price of admission to the classes at once least able to afford it and most needing instruction—not to mention that to use a catalogue at all demands some previous knowledge and experience. The further addition of separate catalogues, at a not inconsiderable price, for the departments of water-colours and engravings is, we are certain, another serious error of policy. The practical result will be, that a large part of the contents of the collection will be like a sealed book to a vast proportion of the visitors. We shall use in future the numbers of the new catalogue.

We resume our survey of the Teutonic schools of painting by noticing those artists of Upper Germany who were the precursors of Albert Dürer, the Cranachs, and the Holbeins. The most important of these, Martin Schön, or Schöngauer, of Colmar in Franconia, (1420—1488,) more widely known as an engraver than as a painter, seems to have borrowed equally from the schools of Bruges and Cologne in forming his style. The pictures bearing this artist's name are often, perhaps, unauthentic; but there seems no reason to doubt of the genuineness either of the vigorous but somewhat exaggerated "Christ before Pilate" (421), from the Aders Collection, or of the small "Virgin and Child" (437), from Kensington Palace. His manner of design, as may be seen from his engravings, is powerful, but apt to be fantastic, and beauty of form is too often sacrificed to a somewhat gross realism. Next to him we would notice Michael Wohlgemuth, of Nuremberg, of whom there are three average specimens (405, 406, 407) at Manchester, but whose style can scarcely be judged of by those who have not seen the many remaining altarpieces by his hand in his native city, or his *chef-d'œuvre* at Vienna. It is recorded that Wohlgemuth designed most of the wood engravings for the famous *Nuremberg Chronicle*, which accordingly throw great light on his artistic inheritance of the traditions of the Cologne School. His greatest glory, however, is the fact that he was the master of Albert Dürer, the type and representative of German art, both in its merits and its defects. Every one remembers the portraits of Dürer, by himself, at Florence and Munich, so strongly indicative of his simple and dignified character, as well as of his intellectual vigour. This great artist is in many respects to Teutonic art what Leonardo da Vinci was to that of Italy; and, making proper allowances for the different circumstances of the great Florentine, it is interesting to note the many points of resemblance between them, not merely as to their varied accomplishments and extraordinary artistic power, but in their personal qualities as refined gentlemen. It is fortunate that Manchester has a very excellent specimen of Albert Dürer's style in the "Madonna and Child with Saints" (440), from Windsor Castle. There is also an interesting portrait of his father—the old Nuremberg goldsmith—contributed by the Duke of Northumberland (462). But the manner of this great artist is, upon the whole, inadequately represented, and his importance in the history of art, as summing up in his own person the normal characteristics of Teutonic genius, cannot be realized from anything that is to be seen at Manchester.

Of the immediate pupils of Albert Dürer, we find here two works, by Von Kulmbach and George Pentz respectively—the former (442) a good portrait—the latter (492) a copy of Holbein's likeness of Erasmus. Next in order comes a dignified, but somewhat hard and crude, altarpiece by Matthias Grünewald of Aschaffenburg (386), contributed by Prince Albert—the

subject of which is the "Virgin and Child between St. Catherine and St. Barbara," with other saints on the *volets*. The portrait of a girl by Hans Schaufelein (446) is not worth much; nor is the "Adoration of the Shepherds" (473), by Hans Burgkmaier of Augsburg, from Kensington Palace. The minute and elaborate groups which were the delight of these artists, and others of the same school and period, such as Altdorfer, Beham, and Feselen, are not to be seen in the present collection. There remain the local successions of Augsburg, Ulm, and Bamberg to be briefly noticed before we quit the school of North Germany. The two Holbeins, father and son, constitute the glory of the first-named city. The younger of these, far more illustrious than his father, has always been a favourite with Englishmen. He visited this country, with letters from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, and painted many admirable portraits, which remain among us. His works at Bridewell Hospital and at Barber-Surgeons' Hall are known, probably, to most of our readers. At Manchester, we find his lifelike portrait of Francis I. (461), from Hampton Court, with which should be compared Lord Ward's portrait of the same monarch (499), reputed to be by the same artist. The former of these pictures is thought by some connoisseurs to be a work of Janet's; but we scarcely know why. The "Prodigal Son" (469), from the Liverpool Royal Institution, is an uninteresting specimen of Holbein's other style. Portrait-painting was his proper *métier*. Witness his Henry VIII. (471), belonging to Lord Warwick—a picture which might well have taken its place in the British Portrait Gallery in the nave of the Palace—nor also the Duke of Newcastle's "Portrait of a Man" (448); Lord Ward's "Portrait of a Young Man reading a book" (396), with its gold background; and especially the portrait of Dr. Stokesley, Bishop of London, (miscalled Stokes in the catalogue,) from Windsor Castle. Martin Schaffner, of Ulm, may be studied at Manchester in a rather attractive little picture (427), from Kensington Palace, representing the Infant Saviour learning to walk; and the nude style of Lucas Cranach, of Bamberg, in a "Judith" (426), belonging to Mr. Angerstein, and in a "Sleeping Female" (457); while his better manner is represented by a very characteristic group of half-length portraits (463), contributed by Lord Craven. Here, in the middle, is the bigamist Elector of Saxony, with a coarse and truculent physiognomy, such as would become an elder in Utah—on his right is Luther, rough and powerful, but wonderfully spiritualized when compared with his portrait in Lambeth Palace—on his left, the thoughtful but somewhat vacillating Melancthon. Behind are some of the less eminent reformers. This is a very interesting but sufficiently disagreeable picture, and is the last we need notice as belonging to the German schools.

Reverting to the other great branch of Teutonic art in the Netherlands, before we come to the rival schools of Catholic Brabant and Protestant Holland, we must mention an artist who occupies an independent position, Antonio More, of Utrecht, a portrait-painter of great merit, a pupil of Schwartz and Schoreel, and so inheriting the method of Mabuse. Like Holbein before him and like Van Dyck and others after him, More received great patronage in England. There are five excellent portraits of his at Manchester—the "Earl of Essex" (496); "Sir Francis Drake" (500), whose face is unworthy of his reputation; "Queen Mary" (503), belonging to Lord Yarborough—the very image of a bigoted but sincere religionist; the ignoble countenance of her husband, Philip II. (512); and his own portrait (513), which is that of a stately and polished gentleman.

Peter Paul Rubens had no immediate predecessor in art. His coarse but not unhealthy naturalism, and his matchless mastery of colour were his own. He founded his own school, and carried it at once to perfection. There are some superb works by this great master at Manchester. First of these in importance is the celebrated "Rainbow Landscape" (21) in the Hertford Gallery; and there are two other of his landscapes (23, 24) in the same collection, besides others, of various degrees of merit, in the general saloons. Of his other style it will be impossible to do more than signalize some of the more remarkable examples. These are the "Prometheus" (543), belonging to the Duke of Manchester—a rather repulsive picture, from its violent action and exaggerated foreshortening; Mr Dingwall's "Tribute Money" (536); "Rubens and his Wife carrying Fruit and Game" (548), extremely bold and vigorous in its handling; "Diana departing for the Chase" (549), in which beauty of form is wholly subordinated to colour; "Juno transferring the Eyes of Argus to the Tail of the Peacock" (553), belonging to Mr. M. C. Wyatt, a miracle of gorgeous colouring and coarse broad design, founded on Flemish models; "St. Martin dividing his Cloak with the Beggar" (569), from Windsor Castle, beautiful in the glow and harmony of its colours, but quite missing in its melodramatic expression the true sentiment of the subject; and lastly, Lord Darnley's "Queen Thomyris with the Head of Cyrus" (579), in which the realism and want of refinement in the composition are almost glorified by ravishing and imperishable colour. There are many other works of Rubens upon which we must not linger; nor, of his numerous portraits here, need we notice more than the spirited "John Malderus, Bishop of Antwerp" (537), from Windsor; "Ignatius Loyola" (547)—a well-known picture, but thoroughly disappointing both as to subject and treatment; and the two Windsor portraits (550, 551) of himself and his first wife. It will be seen how well supplied the Manchester Collection is with works of the great Flemish master; and it is scarcely

less rich in specimens of his most distinguished pupil, Van Dyck. To take first the historical or subject pictures of the last-named artist:—The "St. Jerome" or the "Ange à la Plume" (594), belonging to Mr. H. S. Lucy, is a grand work, but thoroughly alien from the devotional or ideal treatment of the subject. The "Magdalen" (595) is still worse; and the "Descent from the Cross" (596) does not rise above the lowest level of a degraded naturalism, all the physical horrors of the scene being represented, without one spark of deeper feeling or reverence. There are other specimens of the same class which we need not specify. But Van Dyck's portraits are among the noblest of their kind. See his "Rubens" (591), belonging to Lord Spencer, and Sir Culling Eardley's admirable group of "Snyders, with Wife and Child" (605), and the separate portraits of Snyders and his Wife (662, 663), from the dispersed Orleans Gallery. "Mrs. Lemon" (586), from Hampton Court, looks like what she was. The picture containing half-lengths of Killigrew and Carew the poets (667), is a most charming one; and the group of the Children of Charles I. from Windsor (683), and the famous Windsor portrait of Charles I. on horseback (736), need only be mentioned. The Hertford Saloon has four first-rate portraits—Philip le Roy and his Wife, and two unnamed heads. Besides these, the Portrait Gallery is abundantly rich in specimens of this great master's best and most characteristic masterpieces; though the many famous portraits that are missing remind us how wondrously prolific was his genius, and make us long for the manifest impossibility of a reunion of all his works.

Jacob Jordaens (1594—1678) was almost the only other artist of the later Flemish school who rose above mediocrity. He has three specimens at Manchester conspicuous for their bright colour and animated design—"Wisdom and Folly" (610), a really striking composition, and two pretty pictures, each representing a Girl with a Parrot, the property of Lord Fitzwilliam (608) and Lord Darnley (611) respectively.

The peculiar style of Rembrandt, utterly indefensible on any theory of art, but still exercising a kind of weird fascination on the mind, and undeniably powerful and impressive to the highest degree, may be studied at Manchester in nearly thirty examples—some of them of first-rate excellence. As portraits, we doubt if those of Jan Pellicorne and his Son, Wife, and Daughter (15, 16, 17) in the Hertford Saloon were ever exceeded for intensity and spirit or for conscientious execution. Equally good are the "Head" (684), belonging to Lord Scarsdale, and his own portrait at the age of thirty-six (685), from Buckingham Palace. Mr. H. T. Hope's "Family Portraits" (656) are superb; and Dr. Lee's two unknown portraits (689, 690) are nobly done. A "Female Portrait," again (694), from the Pourtales Collection is exquisitely conceived and executed; and we might name others of scarcely less excellence. Of his historical style the most characteristic specimen at Manchester is the "Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar" (691), and of his landscapes the large one belonging to Lord Overstone (698), in which the storm-sky approaches perfection.

It is impossible to mention, not merely all the artists, but even all the numerous subdivisions of the later Flemish and Dutch schools. The chief *genre* painters, however, and those who devoted themselves to landscapes, animals, or sea-pieces, deserve a more extended notice. Meanwhile, among the brotherhood of the greater masters of portraiture, such as have been named in this article, Bartholomew Van der Helst has a claim to admission—witness his unknown "Portrait" (697), contributed by Mr. Farrer, and another (930), in the Hertford Saloon, the property of Mr. Phipps. Of his general style, the "Landscape with eight figures" (715), sent by Mr. H. T. Hope, is an excellent specimen. But those who have not seen his "Schuttersmaaltijd," or "Banquet of the Musqueteers," in commemoration of the Peace of Westphalia, in the Museum of Amsterdam, cannot justly appreciate this artist.

Two other artists of some eminence, Gerard Honthorst and Adrian Van der Werff, scarcely fall within the classes which we have reserved above. The single specimen of the former, "The Agony" (612), is not of high merit. There are many better examples in England. By Van der Werff, on the other hand, we find a capital picture (1074), "Children with a Guinea-pig and Kitten," lent to the Manchester Collection by the Queen from the Buckingham Palace Collection.

MADAME RISTORI AT THE LYCEUM.

ON Monday last, Madame Ristori commenced her performances on the London stage for the present season. She was received with the welcome due to an actress who, now that Mdlle. Rachel is withdrawn, has no rival in Europe. She seemed, perhaps, slightly more wearied, and in less bodily force than last year, but her acting was all that it has ever been; and as the piece went on, and she warmed into her part, she gave her genius free play, and developed all the resources of her marvellous skill. There seemed, too, to be an increase of harshness in her voice, but that might have been accidental; and in her face, her figure, her magnificent gestures, and the varied play of her expressive countenance, she was superb. As she lost herself in her part, and became absorbed in the emotions she had undertaken to counterfeit, all the greatness of her powers was unfolded, and there was nothing left to desire.

The two plays with which she has commenced the series are

Medea and Rosamunda. The former is inseparably associated with her name, and gives her, perhaps, fuller scope for the exhibition of her diversified gifts, and of the perfection of management with which long artistic study has endowed her, than any other in her repertory. It is not fine as a composition, but it is admirable as an acting drama. No one can be said to have seen Madame Ristori who has not seen her in the famous leopard simile, where she seems almost to lose her human nature, and to stalk after her prey like the bold, savage, treacherous brute of whom she speaks. She displays also, in the *Medea* more than in any other piece, her singular power of bringing mythical characters on the stage, and transporting us, by the mere effect of her look and tone, from the actual to the ideal world, and from the region of the modern or historical drama into the sphere of the ancient and heroic world. Her *Medea* does not belong to a particular time or a particular country. It belongs to that vague outlying time and place which fancy peoples with heroes and demigods. And again—although in this respect there are other of her pieces to rival it—it affords room for the display of strong and natural feeling. It shows the tenderness which Madame Ristori knows so well how to mingle with her fierceness, and we have the painfully pleasant sensation of pity to add to those of fear and admiration as we contemplate her *Medea*.

Rosamunda is a far worse play. Even if lovers of Alfieri will contend that its poetry is finer, and its language much more concise and nervous, they cannot deny that, as a vehicle for revealing to the world the capacities of Madame Ristori, it is far inferior. During one-half of the play she is absent from the stage, and when she is there, she has none but the sternest and most terrible feelings to represent. There is nothing in her part but an unfeminine revenge, a petty tyranny exercised towards a feeble girl, and a wavering jealousy towards her husband. There are only two effective passages in the whole play—that in which Rosamunda recounts the awful story of her conqueror forcing her to drink out of her father's skull, and that in which, at the end of the drama, she kills Romilda. The first seemed to us rendered with rather less force and success than when Madame Ristori played this part last year. But the *finale* was admirable; and we have never seen Madame Ristori grander, more superb, more artistically perfect, than when she dealt the death-stroke, and standing erect among the ruin she had caused, exulted in her deed, and darkly hinted that this was but the prelude to further vengeance. It was a situation to show all the physical and intellectual strength of the actress, and so thoroughly equal was she to the occasion, that dramatic art has perhaps nothing finer to offer us.

Medea and Rosamunda are dramas familiar to so large a portion of the play-going public that we do not think it necessary to enter on them in detail. Madame Ristori is to play this season in four pieces new to English audiences—in Alfieri's *Ottavia*; in *Camilla*, an original tragedy by Signor Montanelli, the Italian translator of the *Medea*; and in Italian versions of Dean Milman's *Fazio*, and of *Macbeth*. We shall reserve our observations on the minute characteristics of her acting until these new pieces furnish us with a fitting opportunity.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MOZART'S *Don Giovanni* appears to have become a sort of operatic *bonne-bouche*, reserved for special occasions—a treat to be given once in a season or so. What is the reason of this abstinence? Does the musical public actually prefer noise and triviality to the most exquisite combinations of melody and harmony ever devised—Verdi to Mozart? Several causes may be assigned for this singular fact. Italian singers, or those trained in the Italian school, are said to dislike Mozart, because his music does not admit of the free and easy treatment to which other compositions may be subjected—his airs cannot be converted into a mere nucleus of florid ornamentation. Moreover, his operas are not designed to show off one bright particular star—every part is equally good, and requires good singing. It is more difficult, therefore, to find an adequate cast for them than for those works wherein a single eminent singer bears the whole burden. Perhaps, after all, the infrequency of the representation of Mozart's operas is a sign rather of the fastidiousness of the public taste than of its degeneracy. There can be little doubt that a combination of talents, such as opera-goers of no very ancient date can remember, would again give popularity to these unrivalled works. In the mean time, it is a delight to hear them now and then; and the public never fails to avail itself eagerly of the opportunity when it occurs.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, *Don Giovanni* was produced on Thursday evening with unusual care. Several arias which have been hitherto systematically omitted were reinstated, and their introduction decidedly improved the intelligibility of the drama—a matter too often left entirely out of sight in operatic performances. A new scene has been provided for the ball at the close of the first act, representing a spacious Alhambra-looking hall, in the midst of which a veritable fountain plays. In this scene, three different dances to three different times and tunes are all going on at once—a very ingenious contrivance of Mozart to which it is difficult to give a good effect. This has been managed with considerable skill on the present occasion, although the sensation of hearing three different bands all play-

ing different pieces at once, must always be rather curious than pleasing. The chorus, "Viva la libertà," was given with great effect, so much so as to be encored. The supper scene at the end was also arranged as doubtless Mozart meant it to be—Don Giovanni and Leporello alone being present, without the addition of guests, who have nothing to do, and whose presence makes the dialogue absurd.

The following is the distribution of the parts:—Zerlina, Madlle. Piccolomini; Donna Anna, Madlle. Spezia; Donna Elvira, Madlle. Ortolani; Don Giovanni, Signor Beneventano; Leporello, Signor Belletti; Masetto, Signor Corsi; Il Commendatore, Signor Vialetti; Don Ottavio, Signor Giuglini.

Piccolomini's Zerlina surpassed any expectations we might have formed as to her probable success in that character. Her acting in the duet, "La ci darem," is irresistible; and Mozart's music seems to acquire fresh meaning as we hear her sing it. Certainly the words, "Presto, non son più forte," were never more bewitchingly uttered; while the consenting word "Andiam," at the end, comes forth with a sigh of regret, a mixed expression of hope and fear, which does much to conciliate our forbearance towards the inconstant Zerlina. In "Batti, Batti," again, the roguish archness with which the little enchantress appears, and cajoles the outraged Masetto, is beyond praise. Finally, the air "Vedrai Carino" is hardly less fascinating than the two preceding. In all these pieces Mdle. Piccolomini was encored with vehemence, and actually repeated the performance in each case, notwithstanding the opposition of a part of the audience, who thought the demand unreasonable. We object to the *encore* system on grounds of taste, and heartily wish that it could be done away with. There were no less than five pieces repeated on Thursday evening. What can be more absurd than to see Don Giovanni recommence the process of persuasion, and Zerlina go through that of yielding—for the second time? The crowning absurdity, however, was in the song "Il mio Tesoro," which Giuglini was called upon to repeat. He was unluckily unable to get back Madlle. Spezia, who had quitted the stage, and was compelled, therefore, to sing the song in which Ottavio solemnly commits his "treasure," Donna Anna, to the care of Masetto and Zerlina, in the absence of the lady. It is to be hoped that common sense as well as taste may prevent the repetition of such absurdities as this. Is it not enough to express applause, without requiring the piece to be repeated?

Signor Beneventano played the Don with great spirit. We have, in fact, never seen this gentleman to greater advantage. His physique and temperament are by no means unfitted to the character—unlimited confidence in his own power of pleasing and the certainty of success seem quite natural to him. Signor Corsi is a very burly and grotesque Masetto for so diminutive and graceful a Zerlina. He gives considerable comic prominence to the part, introducing the song "Ho Capito," in which Masetto gives vent to his jealousy and anger. There was much drollery in his by-play in the scenes in which he undergoes the coaxing of Zerlina. Signor Belletti's Leporello is throughout an exquisite and finished performance. Signor Giuglini, as might be anticipated, sang the songs of Don Ottavio deliciously, reviving the air "Della sua pace," hitherto invariably omitted, and which, if not equal to the other which falls to his part, "Il mio Tesoro," is yet in no way unworthy of Mozart or of the opera *Don Giovanni*.

As Donna Anna, Madlle. Spezia made the most of those passages which call for impassioned utterance and energetic acting. The quality of her voice is little favourable to the execution of Mozart's music—it bears too strongly the traces of long exertion in the service of the blatant Verdi. Madlle. Ortolani's voice has possibly suffered in a similar manner. Both ladies have at times a kind of guttural rattle which spoils the effect of the Mozartian melody. Both, it is fair to say, sang and acted their best, and Madlle. Ortolani has, we think, made a step in advance by her performance of Donna Elvira.

The Commendatore remains to be mentioned. He found a most sonorous representative in Signor Vialetti. The opera, on the whole, had the merit of being more near to the original conception of the composer than it is usually heard on the Italian stage. In Germany, indeed, they manage, or used to manage, the matter differently, and would not think of omitting such an air as "Non mi dir," or of transposing certain others, as is usually done with us. It may be hoped that the success of the opera on Thursday evening will lead to its frequent repetition.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

DON GIOVANNI was given at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday evening last with the following cast:—Donna Anna, Madame Grisi; Zerlina, Madlle. Bosio; Donna Elvira, Madlle. Marai; Don Ottavio, Sig. Mario; Don Giovanni, Sig. Ronconi; Leporello, Herr Formes; Il Commendatore, Sig. Tagliafico; Masetto, Sig. Polonini.

The Donna Anna of Madame Grisi is not the least striking of her impersonations. The indignation with which she pursues the muffled Don Giovanni, and the paroxysm of grief which bursts from her over the body of her slain father, have the force and vividness of reality. Again, in the scene where she recognises Don Giovanni as the murderer, and calls upon Don Ottavio for vengeance, it is difficult to say whether we are more impressed by her singing or her acting, so perfect are both, and so perfectly wrought together into one grand whole. Signor Mario, we must

say, showed considerable *sang-froid* as Don Ottavio, while subjected to this stirring appeal. The exhibition of a more active sympathy with the wrongs of Donna Anna might render the part of Ottavio less heavy than it is usually considered to be. The song, "Il mio tesoro," was given by Signor Mario with that exquisite sweetness which belongs to his voice, and which is nowhere better exhibited than in this beautiful air.

Madlle. Marai sang the music of Donna Elvira with care, and acquitted herself of the part with considerable success. The complete portrayal of the various phases of jealousy, vengeful anger, and weak fondness which this injured lady goes through, is perhaps beyond Madlle. Marai's power. She showed her efficiency in the terzetto previous to the entry of Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, and Don Ottavio into the ball-room, and this piece gained one of the encores of the evening. With Madlle. Bosio's impersonation of Zerlina we have little fault to find. She looks so pretty and coquettish as to afford some excuse for the lawless proceeding of the Don. We would rather that she had abstained from some variations from the text of Mozart, very slight, certainly, yet enough to interfere with the beauty of the music. With Verdi and the Italian tribe, anything is allowable. Their scores may be tortured into such shapes that the composer would not recognise his own work, and without any damage to the effect. But Mozart should be sacred from such violations. The songs, "Batti, Batti" and "Vedrai Carino," were both encores.

Signor Ronconi has attempted the Don on former occasions, and the critics are pretty unanimous in considering his representation of this part as not one of his masterpieces. It is a clear and defined conception certainly, but has made no converts. The difficulty is to unite the air and manners of a Spanish cavalier with the principles and proceedings of an abandoned, reckless villain. Ronconi does not succeed in doing this, and gives, perhaps, too great prominence to the farcical part of Don Giovanni's character. His imitation of the voice of Herr Formes, in the scene where the Don and Leporello exchange cloaks, excited roars of laughter.

The Leporello of Herr Formes is, on the other hand, destitute of much of the drollery with which Signor Lablache used to invest the character. It comes nearer, however, to truth and likelihood, and is a very artistic performance. As for the two remaining characters, those of the Commendatore and Masetto, they could not have been more adequately filled than they were by Signor Tagliafico and Signor Polonini.

REVIEWS.

THE PROFESSOR.*

THE PROFESSOR appears before the public under circumstances which preclude criticism. It is not because it is a posthumous work that we need shrink from speaking freely about it—the authoress was far too noble and too honest to be insulted with the mock deference which sentimentalism pays to the recently dead. But this tale is avowedly given to the world, not so much for its own merits as because the world longed to have it. It was the first-fruits of the genius of Charlotte Brontë, and those who have admired the subsequent productions of that wonderful writer were naturally anxious to see all that she had left behind her. We think her friends have shown sound judgment in publishing *The Professor*, now that she is gone. It throws a strong light on many of the characteristic turns of her thought—on her most cherished feelings—on the position she assumed towards her neighbours and acquaintances. It opens a new chapter in the curious psychological study afforded by the history of this generous, harsh-minded, passionate recluse. It shows the first germs of conceptions which afterwards expanded and ripened into the great creations of her imagination. At the same time, her advisers were equally right when they counselled her not to publish it in her lifetime. It is, as a composition, far inferior to her other three tales. It is poor and slight, ill-contrived, and crude by the side of *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*. All, too, that it contains of striking and original matter has been worked up into one or other of her stories. *The Professor* is indeed little more than an imperfect first sketch of *Villette*. If Miss Brontë had published it, as she proposed, next after *Shirley*, she would have thrown away the subject of Brussels, and of Belgian schools and teachers, which she afterwards handled with so much power and life. It was therefore much better that she was restrained by the advice of judicious friends. But although *The Professor* is of a cast altogether below that of *Villette*, yet it raises none of that painful feeling which is awakened when we read works unworthy of a great writer. It abounds in merits. As Miss Brontë says, in a preface intended to be prefixed if the story had been published when she proposed, *The Professor* was not written until she had attained sufficient practice and taste in writing to have formed her style. Throughout, the language is nervous, simple, and varied. Many of the details display her wonderful keenness of observation, and many passages are lit up with the light of her

pure and fiery eloquence. But in every point where she here excels, she has surpassed herself elsewhere. And it is therefore almost entirely as an additional source whence to gather a knowledge of so remarkable a woman, and as a fresh message, however unimportant in itself, from one whose lips are sealed in death, that we reckon *The Professor* a gain.

The hero of *The Professor*, William Crimsworth, is a combination of M. Paul and Lucy Snowe. He is the younger brother of a prosperous, self-made manufacturer. Having himself received a liberal education, he groans under the coarse and brutal tyranny which his brother exercises over him, when the necessity of earning a livelihood has made him accept a clerk's place in his brother's counting-house. He is relieved from his misery by an eccentric friend, whose prominent traits were afterwards worked up into the character of Rochester. This friend gives him an introduction to a correspondent at Brussels, and Crimsworth goes to that city, and there obtains occupation as a teacher in a school—or, as the Belgians magniloquently call it, a "professor." In the course of time he is invited to bestow his spare hours in teaching English to the young ladies of an adjoining *pensionnat*. Here, then, we reach the point where *Villette* afterwards carried us. The school is substantially the same, the young ladies are the same, the mistress—cat-like, velvety, prudent—is the same. Hitherto the career of Crimsworth has been, for a man, what that of Lucy Snowe was for a woman. But he has now to teach, and he therefore enters on the ground of M. Paul. He requires a scholar, and one is found for him—Madlle. Henri, a Swiss teacher, who is Lucy Snowe with very slight alterations. The description of the teaching—of the dry, affectionate, determined manners of the instructor, and the demure, sober, sprightly behaviour of his shy, pleased pupil—is already familiar, traced at greater length and with riper powers, to the readers of *Villette*. The mistress of the school falls in love with Crimsworth, and finding that he prefers Madlle. Henri, she dismisses that young lady, and invents a series of falsehoods to prevent her place of abode being discovered. Crimsworth is at last successful, and receiving a good appointment as teacher in a public college, he marries his admiring pupil. The tale, short as it is, does not, however, stop there, but paints several years of their wedded life, the nature of their pursuits, and the character of their only child. The eccentric friend reappears in Belgium, and afterwards they and he all go back to live in England. There can scarcely be said to be any plot at all, and the purposeless and artless way in which scenes and persons are introduced, without leading to anything, is perhaps the most striking sign which marks the crudity of the powers of the authoress at the time when this tale was written.

This story fastens our attention on the aspect in which Miss Brontë viewed the life of mortal man. She herself, as we now know from her biography, found it a scene of hard continuous struggle. It is thus that she portrays it in her writings. *The Professor* is always contending, struggling, winning a victory or losing one, seldom enjoying himself, and only giving stolen and insecure enjoyment to others. We see here how deeply the difficulties she had to undergo in Belgium coloured the whole of Miss Brontë's character. She describes the hero, who so far represents herself, as obliged to wage continual war—to be always on his guard against the persons with whom he associates. Directly he arrives at Brussels he sets himself to study the character of the master and mistress under whom he serves, and they subject him to a similar examination. Each side, if we may use the term, employs this analysis of character as a weapon of defence and offence. It is the great object of Crimsworth—and one which he plumes himself on successfully effecting—to conceal his feelings, and baffle the scrutiny of his employers. He is an Arab, with his hand against every one, and every one's hand against him; and by coolness, adroitness, and self-command he escapes the snares set for him, and places his feet on the necks of his enemies. This conception of the intercourse of civilized life, as an arena of covert hostilities, runs through the writings of Miss Brontë, and is the main cause of the rather gloomy and harsh air which pervades them. It is true that the favourite warrior is always allowed a tame dove to nestle in his bosom, and to cheer, pique, or soothe him when he is baffled, disappointed, and vexed. But the primary notion of the leading character is, that it has to fight, not the inward battles of self-education, but the outward battles to which it is challenged by designing and discordant minds. Taken by itself, this is a bitter and unhappy view of human life, and one that could only have been forced on the convictions of a young woman by very untoward circumstances. We know that Miss Brontë was familiar with sorrow from her childhood, but this book makes it clear that it was not so much the privations and griefs of her childhood, as the trials of her residence in Belgium, that made her regard life as something so painful, and so full of labour, distrust, enmity, and suffering.

The almost morbid apprehension of life as a scene of conflict shows itself indirectly in her descriptions both of scenery and persons. She flies to scenery—to the refuge and repose of nature—as to a haven of peace and glory after the strife of man. She throws herself into the delights of an earnest communication with external beauty, as a recompense for all she has endured. There is always something in her delineations of the earth and sky akin to the enthusiasm and excitement with which a wearied combatant seeks a trusted and sure friend. She reproaches man

* *The Professor. A Tale.* By Currer Bell. London: Smit's, Elder, and Co. 1857.

with nature—she uses her marvellous powers of noting and delineating scenery as a means of proclaiming to her fellows that she is independent of them. So, too, in describing persons. She goes over every feature, and treasures up every indication of character with the care and anxiety with which a soldier reconnoitres his foe. We can easily imagine how a shy, suspicious, shortsighted creature like Miss Brontë, thrown among strangers in a foreign country, used to pore into the smallest signs of temper, disposition, and purpose afforded by the countenances of those around her. It thus became natural to her to think of and describe the persons whom she wished to sketch in her works, with the same minuteness and keenness of inspection. She even notes where there were no points in the face or figure presented to her sufficiently salient to permit of immediate description—not thinking, as an ordinary observer would think, that this blankness and voidness of expression relieved her from the necessity of further observation, but considering that it was in itself a starting-point, calling for a still more penetrating examination. Then, again, she is always careful to note the changes of countenance. She describes the face or the look at different times, as a person would who strove to put together the notion of a whole character by piecing minute fragments of observation. She even distinguishes between the different parts of the eye, and finds separate meaning in each. Thus she says of *Mlle. Henri*, that her eyes “were formerly shadowed with ceaseless dejection, but now, lit by a ray of sunshine that cheered her heart, revealed irides of bright hazel, irides large and full, screened with long lashes, and pupils instinct with fire.” Of William Crimsworth’s sister-in-law, wife of the brother who tyrannized over him, we read—“I sought her eye, desirous to read there the intelligence which I could not discern in her face or hear in her conversation; it was merry, rather small. By turns I saw vivacity, vanity, coquetry look out through its iris; but I watched in vain for a glimpse of soul.” Such descriptions betray an almost painful accuracy and subtlety of observation, and could hardly have proceeded except from a writer who had been made to observe by the stern necessities of a harassed and struggling life.

The Professor also shows that, in addition to her conception of life as a scene of petty struggles, and of observation as the weapon of this bloodless war, Miss Brontë owed to her residence in Belgium a very peculiar view of the relations of the sexes. She states, as distinctly as words enable her to state, that she found thoughts current among women of all ages in Belgium, which were strange, repulsive, and unknown to an English girl. She saw, as far as a pure woman can see, love regarded on its material side. She was, as it were, introduced into the secrets of impurity, although her own mind never for a moment lost its delicacy—a certain proof of which, if any were needed, is to be found in the unhesitating way in which she alludes to subjects of this kind. She understood the sensual portion of passion, and being herself so pure that she employed no disguise, she wrote in a way that astonished readers of both sexes. Women regarded her novels with that sort of fluttering alarm which is always awakened in unpolluted breasts by the signs of a knowledge greater than their own. Men recognised the truthful touches which these novels contained, but wondered how they came to be there, for the general purity of their tone instantly refuted the notion that they were the symptoms of depravity. *The Professor* is fuller than any of her other tales, of passages which show that she was aware of this material side of love. We wish not to be misunderstood. There is not an expression or allusion that a prude could call indelicate, but there are traces, faint but unmistakable, of a knowledge into which, happily for themselves and their country, Englishwomen are seldom initiated. We cannot doubt that Miss Brontë derived an instruction which to a less noble, unstained, and devotional mind might have been perilous, from her residence in a foreign school, her observation of foreign manners, and her analysis of the thoughts of foreigners.

For the ordinary novel-reader *The Professor* will have little interest, for it offers few attractions except to those who wish to study the mental career of its writer. Nor is there any occasion to speak of its merits or defects. It is useless to praise what has been repeated and excelled elsewhere, and it is impossible to blame what the authoress herself withdrew from criticism. We shall content ourselves with giving an extract taken from what we think the best chapter in the tale. William Crimsworth has in vain looked for *Mlle. Henri* through every corner of Brussels, and at length finds her in a churchyard, weeping over the grave of her aunt. The passage is in many ways characteristic of Miss Brontë:—

Frances sat very quiet, her elbow on her knee, and her head on her hand. I knew she could retain a thinking attitude a long time without change; at last, a tear fell; she had been looking at the name on the stone before her, and her heart had no doubt endured one of those constrictions with which the desolate living, regretting the dead, are, at times, so sorely oppressed. Many tears rolled down, which she wiped away, again and again, with her handkerchief; some distressed sobs escaped her, and then, the paroxysm over, she sat quiet as before. I put my hand gently on her shoulder; no need further to prepare her, for she was neither hysterical nor liable to fainting-fits; a sudden push, indeed, might have startled her, but the contact of my quiet touch more fully woke attention as I wished; and, though she turned quickly, yet so lightning-swift is thought—in some minds especially—I believe the wonder of what—the consciousness of who it was that thus stole unawares on her solitude, had passed through her brain, and flashed into her heart, even before she had effected that hasty movement; at least amazement had hardly opened her eyes and raised them to mine, ere recognition informed their irides with most speaking brightness. Nervous surprise had hardly discomposed

her features ere a sentiment of most vivid joy shone clear and warm on her whole countenance. I had hardly time to observe that she was wasted and pale, ere called to feel a responsive inward pleasure by the sense of most full and exquisite pleasure glowing in the animated flush, and shining in the expansive light, now diffused over my pupil’s face. It was the summer sun flashing out after the heavy summer shower; and what fertilizes more rapidly than that beam, burning almost like fire in its ardour?

FORTUNE’S RESIDENCE AMONG THE CHINESE.*

THIS is the third work about China which Mr. Fortune has written in the last few years. Like his two former ones, it makes a substantial addition to our knowledge of that country; and though the subjects which principally engaged his attention were commercial and agricultural, he nevertheless turned the opportunities which he enjoyed of observing the moral and social aspects of Chinese life to good advantage.

The journey which forms the subject of his present work was, like earlier ones, undertaken in order to study the character of the staple products of China, with a view to their introduction into British India. In the course of them, the author travelled over a considerable extent of that part of the country which supplies the articles of commerce exported from the four northern ports to which Europeans have access, and had frequent opportunities of associating upon the most familiar terms with many very different classes of inhabitants. The remarks which he was thus enabled to make derive peculiar importance from the circumstance that we have hitherto taken most of our views of the Chinese character either from persons whose opportunities of observing it applied principally to Canton and its neighbourhood, or from missionaries. Each of these sets of witnesses is unavoidably prejudiced. The European residents at Canton have always been treated by the Chinese in a spirit of hostility quite different from anything which has prevailed at the northern ports, resulting partly from the naturally harsh and arrogant disposition of the inhabitants, partly from the circumstance that their relations with European nations are of old standing, and have been almost invariably hostile. The missionaries, on the other hand, are hardly to be considered trustworthy in their accounts of the state of China, for they not unnaturally look with horror upon a nation in which Atheism is the official and honourable creed, and in which the only alternative is a form of Pantheism, which differs from it more in name than in essence. So vast a nation, and one in which the fundamental doctrines of morality are regarded from a point of view so very unfamiliar to European minds, must, of course, furnish such observers with inexhaustible evidence of every sort of corruption. Our readers, we hope, will share our own satisfaction in finding that a man who was free from the action of each of these disturbing forces took a far more cheerful view of the state of society in a country which contains a third of the whole human race. Mr. Fortune has, at any rate, the great merit of telling quietly and plainly what he himself saw and heard, and leaving his readers to draw their own conclusions.

The great bulk of the people with whom he had personal intercourse were either farmers or Buddhist priests, though here and there he fell in with a mandarin. From all classes he seems to have received a degree of attentive civility which forms a strange contrast to most of the accounts which we receive of Chinese manners. The country people were a little afraid of him at first, but after a very short experience of his behaviour, they found out that he was not only harmless, but well-intentioned, and treated him with the greatest hospitality, giving him refreshments, and bringing him specimens for his various botanical, entomological, and other scientific collections. He thought, as a rule, that the agricultural classes were surprisingly prosperous. Their wages, on an average, were from twopence to threepence a day, with their food, which altogether made up the amount to as much as sixpence or sevenpence. The food consists of rice, vegetables, and a little fish or pork. With these materials the labourers, who are skilful cooks, “make a number of very savoury dishes, on which they breakfast and dine most sumptuously.” It is an odd thing that the Chinese deserve the title of “frogeaters” much better than the French—frogs are exposed in all the markets, flayed alive like eels, and sold, like all other Chinese commodities, living or dead, by weight. On the whole, Mr. Fortune (perhaps somewhat hyperbolically) expresses his conviction that few parts of the world contain happier classes than the Chinese farmers and peasants.

Of the Buddhist priests he gives a far less favourable account. He saw a good deal of them at various times, staying occasionally as a guest in their monasteries. Some of them he found sufficiently active and intelligent, but a considerable proportion seemed to be most effectually carrying out the precepts of their religion by systematic, and, for the most part, successful attempts to reduce themselves to a state of mind bordering upon that annihilation which forms the Buddhist *beau idéal*, and which, whatever it may be like hereafter, is apparently tantamount to idiocy here. He describes them as vacant, listless, utterly idle, and in many cases completely imbecile in manner and appearance. One of their customs, which Mr. Fortune had an opportunity of observing, is a strange one. The priests occasionally submit themselves, by way either of penance or of discipline, to

* *A Residence among the Chinese; Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea. Being a Narrative of Scenes and Adventures during a Third Visit to China from 1853 to 1856.* By Robert Fortune, &c. London: Murray. 1857.

voluntary imprisonment for great lengths of time—generally three years. Mr. Fortune saw several persons undergoing this strange confinement—one of them for the fourth time. When several prisoners confine themselves together, which is sometimes the case, some of them keep repeating the name of Buddha and the mystic Sanscrit phrase, which means, we believe, "Oh, the pearl in the lotus! oh!" without intermission day or night, relieving each other at intervals for the purposes of sleep and food.

The incidents which varied Mr. Fortune's journey convey an impression as to the general condition of the Government very like that which other writers describe. He sailed, for example, from Ningpo to Shanghai in a boat called the *Erin*, belonging to an English house at Ningpo. They were accompanied by a number of Chinese craft, anxious for protection, and had hardly got out of port before they found a blockading force of pirates moored across the channel, who intercepted every Chinese vessel that took their fancy, though there were plenty of Government war junks within a few miles. The *Erin*, accompanied by a few other boats, sailed through the midst of them without their daring to attack her. They were afterwards attacked and utterly destroyed in the most brilliant manner by H. M. S. *Bittern*, in a bay across which they had anchored. The pirates took to the shore, and the mandarins remonstrated with the English officers on their behaviour, saying that whilst the pirates were at sea they did no harm, but that on shore they could not cope with them. Hereupon the English ship landed an armed force of sailors and marines, turned their entrenchments, and dispersed them. The pirates complained bitterly that the English did not "fight fair," as they had not marched up straight to the cannon, but gone round. Mr. Fortune says that this complaint was frequently made against our forces.

One curious illustration of the customs of the country came in the way of Mr. Fortune, which deserves specific mention. He was on one occasion robbed of his money, clothes, journals, and, in short, of all the property he had with him in the boat in which he travelled. The money was irrecoverably lost, but, a few hours after the robbery, the thieves called his boatmen on shore to "come and take the white devil's trunks," and returned the whole of his property, except so much of it as consisted of dollars. Mr. Fortune explains this by saying that the law makes a man's friends and neighbours responsible for him in a manner so stringent that it is a very difficult thing for any thief to escape detection. As articles which might be traced would increase the ease of detecting the robbers, whilst their restitution would tend to pacify the person plundered, restitution is obviously the best policy.

With respect to the political questions which at present occupy so much public attention, Mr. Fortune's view has certainly the merit of being abundantly plain, and for practical purposes probably just enough. It is simply that, whatever else we do, we must beat the Chinese, and that in a very emphatic manner. As to the origin of the dispute, he thinks that it was foolish, as a matter of policy, to allow lorchas to carry our flag, inasmuch as they are generally smugglers, and often pirates. He entirely agrees with the common opinion of the character of the Cantonese—whom he considers as being to the last degree arrogant. Nothing, he thinks, except the most irresistible proofs of our power, will ever lead them to look upon the "barbarians" and "foreign devils" as equals of the Chinese. The notion that they are the only civilized people in the world is, he says, part of themselves. Indeed, with all his admiration for the character of the rural Chinese, he could never enter a Chinese town without fear of ill treatment, amounting at times to absolute personal violence. Two of his friends once begged some of the Chinese not to call them "white devils," as it was an irritating name. "What are we to call you?" was the answer. "We are very sorry, but you really are white devils—are you not?"

We must not omit to say that Mr. Fortune's book contains much curious and interesting information about the produce of China, especially its tea, silk, and porcelain. He is a great fancier of the last-named article, and some of his cuts of particular vases and dishes strike us as singularly graceful and beautiful. Some of the Chinese porcelain is upwards of one thousand years old. Its colours are wonderfully beautiful, but the art of mixing and fixing them is lost.

THE FRITHIOF-SAGA.*

FOUR translations of the *Frithiof-Saga* have already appeared in English, before the present by Mr. Blackley. Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Howitt are amongst the critics who have brought the claims of the Swedish poet before the public. Nevertheless, it is hardly too much to say that the great work of Tegnér is still chiefly known only by its name. The excellences of the *Frithiof-Saga* are such as scarcely admit of transference into the forms of another language. The music of rhythm and the rich colouring of epithets belong to the artist and to the language in which he wrought. Again, a poem which reproduces national life can only hope for a limited circle of readers. The Viking of the old Pagan North, with his wild daring, and fitful melancholy, or worshipful reverence for woman, is the hero of an extinct society which we can scarcely understand. It is one of the merits of the story of *Frithiof* that it shows, on the whole faith-

fully, how much of the English gentleman lay in ore in his savage forefathers. But here, again, is a question of picture-painting, and we need to examine the canvas of the master himself. In fact, even Shakspeare and Goethe, who are valued at least as much for the strong undercurrent of thought as for the fancy that plays above it, have proved pretty nearly untranslatable. The flat verbiage of most translations of *Faust*, even where it is right, scarcely gives an idea of the original; and Tieck and Schlegel have only cradled their nation in a delusion that it understands Shakspeare, and that he wrote very much like Schiller, but with a stronger touch of the woman. These considerations must be taken into account if Mr. Blackley's labours are to be duly estimated. He has tried to follow, with an almost literal rendering of word and metre, a poet who played easily with language, seldom stumbling upon a harsh line, and never lapsing into obscurity. Our crabbed English tongue does not readily lend itself to such an attempt; and either Mr. Blackley has a bad ear for rhythm, or he has written carelessly, for there are lines in his poem which must be crippled and forcibly compressed, that they may be scanned. Still, he has the great merit of having caught the spirit of the author whom he translates. And he has not tried to embroider the work of another with prettinesses of his own. He is often slovenly, but he writes clearly and without affectation. He may fairly be trusted, therefore, by those who wish to form an idea of the greatest poem of Sweden, and one of the greatest that modern Europe has produced.

Frithiof the Strong is the son of a Norse churl, or yeoman, but has grown up in the house of King Bele, with his daughter Ingeborg. On the death of their father, the two princes, Helge and Halfdan, who succeed him, contemptuously reject the suit of a vassal for the hand of their sister. Frithiof ventures, however, to visit her in the sanctuary of Balder, the God of Love, where her brothers have placed her for safety. For this crime he is condemned before the Ting to exact tribute from the terrible Jarl Angantyr, in the Faroe Isles. When the adventure has been accomplished happily, he returns to find Ingeborg forcibly married to the old King Ring, and the love-token which he has given his betrothed on the arm of Helge's wife. In his fury he wrests it from her, and the image of Balder, which she held in her arms, falls into the flames. Frithiof, with the curse of sacrilege upon him, goes into exile, and becomes famous as a Viking. At last he visits, in disguise, the palace of King Ring—is kindly entertained, though the king knows him—saves his host from drowning—and resists, in a hard inward struggle, the temptation to kill him in his sleep. In return, Ring gives up Ingeborg to him, and makes him the guardian of his heir, as he is himself dying of age. "Then," says the old legend in epic simplicity, "Frithiof gave a splendid banquet, and asked his following to it: there was Ring's corpse-beer drunk, and Frithiof and Ingeborg were married. Then Frithiof took on himself the lordship, and was honoured as a mighty man. He and Ingeborg had many children." Helge and Halfdan make war against him; but Frithiof slays Helge, and Halfdan has to pay seot to him as his lord.

So runs the poem in the old Saga, but Tegnér has introduced some important variations. Modern sentiment would shrink from the hero's forcible entrance, at the head of eight followers, into Ingeborg's sanctuary, where she sits with her maidens. The Norse scald saw nothing strange in this publicity. "Then stood Ingeborg up, and said, 'How canst thou be so bold, Frithiof, as to come here, against my brother's command, and drawing down on thee the anger of the gods?' Frithiof said, 'Be it as it may; thy love seems to me more than the gods' anger.' Ingeborg answered, 'Thou shalt be welcome here, and all thy men with thee.' Then she made room for him to sit beside her, and drank the best wine to him; and so they sat and jested." All trace of this disappears in the modern poem, and the exchange of rings, on which the plot of the original story depends, is altogether omitted. On the other hand, we have two cantos describing the stolen interview and the parting, in poetry so exquisite that were it Juliet or Desdemona, instead of a Viking's daughter, who was the heroine, the illusion would be perfect. What image can be more perfect than that by which Ingeborg excuses her refusal to leave her home?

For what were woman, thus self-willed, to break
Those bonds wherewith the wise Allfader linketh
Ever the weaker being to the strong?
In the pale water-lily is her type,
Sinking or rising on the changing waves—
Above it speeds the sailor's keel away,
And recks not how it wound the tender stems:
Such is its destiny; and yet as long
As clings the root tenacious in the sand
It sprouteth ever forth; its pallid hues
It borroweth from sister stars above,
Itself a star upon the azure deep.
But by the roots upborn, it drifts away,
A faded leaf upon the desert wave.

This is a fair specimen of Mr. Blackley's powers as a translator. On the whole, this passage is clearly and fully rendered. But it would, we think, be as faithful, and certainly less affected, to say "Allfather," instead of "Allfader." "Marks," the true rendering of "märker," is better than "recks," which has too much moral meaning about it; and we do not see why the vigorous original, "its growth has yet its honour," should be tamed down into "it sprouteth ever forth." Tegnér, in an introduction which ought to accompany all editions of his work, defended

* The *Frithiof-Saga*. Translated from the Swedish of Esaias Tegnér, by the Rev. W. L. Blackley. Dublin: McGlashan and Gill.

the new version which he had created. "It has been objected," he says, "that I have given too sentimental and modern a character to the love between Frithiof and Ingeborg. But the reverence for woman has existed from the oldest times, and was rooted in the Germanic peoples, long before the introduction of Christianity. So, too, the purportless and purely sensual aspect of love which prevailed among the most civilized races of antiquity, was always unknown in the North. The connexion between Frithiof and Ingeborg seems to me, therefore, to rest on sufficient historical ground, not perhaps in their personal lives, but in the manners and mode of thinking of the time. The tenderness with which Ingeborg refuses to follow her lover, and prefers sacrificing her inclination to withdrawing herself from the authority of her brother and guardian, seems to me to have its source in the nature of the better woman, who must in all times remain true to herself." This explanation, good as it is, can scarcely be called sufficient. There is no question that the type of Norse character has been the same throughout all ages, in its strength and tenderness, in its gloom of thoughtful purpose, and its religion of chivalry. But in an age when the hand is readier to act than the brain to think, social intercourse has a publicity, and moral principle an unconsciousness, from which the irritable and reflective self-analysers of a later time recoil. The different versions of the Saga and the poem tell their own tale.

No less completely the product of a different civilization are the beautiful last cantos of Tegnér's epic. In these, Frithiof visits his father's grave in an agony of penitence, at the thought of Balder's curse, which still hangs over him. A vision tells him that the temple must be rebuilt. When the walls have arisen, a gray priest expounds the inner meaning of the Norse mythology, with its wonderful legends of Balder's death and future resurrection—of the day of doom, when the gods are to be destroyed—of the new heaven and new earth, in which the din of arms and wassail of Valhalla are to be replaced by the deep repose of a spiritual love. Frithiof is melted, and offers forgiveness to Halldan—the curse of Balder is revoked—and the marriage with Ingeborg may now take place. All these passages are a tissue of exquisite anachronisms. Repentance, in the shape of vague regrets for crime, is an idea that belongs to the cloister, and has nothing in common with the healthy Norse spirit, which instinctively followed the practical teaching of a practical master—"See that thou sin no more." And as for the conceptions of forgiveness of injuries, and of a new world in which the struggle of man against the elemental powers is to be consummated in calm immortality, they "breathe full East," and belong not to Sweden, but to Palestine. Tegnér was so sensible of this that he apologized for it by a passage in which Balder's priest refers to the "white Christ" of the South. For it proves nothing that the whole description has, in fact, been based upon the *Völu-spa*, until it be shown that the old Saga was not composed at a time when the Germanic and Jewish religions were inter-penetrated. No doubt Christianity, in its Latin embodiment, had much to learn from its Scandinavian converts—a higher manliness, a truer reverence for household life and the common things of earth—a belief that the faith which was worth living for was worthy also to be followed through death and the ruins of the world. But the idea that manhood may find its noblest expression not in action but in sacrifice, in forgiveness rather than in vengeance, has no place in Norse legislation or poetry. The wish of Clovis, that he and his Franks could have been present at Calvary to rescue and avenge their Lord, was the spirit of the teachers and the taught for at least a thousand years. Only by degrees did the germ of Divine truth, which had somehow slept in the creeds, become an ideal in men's minds and a reality in their practice. And then—for the two thoughts are, in fact, one—though the easier half of truth had been first apprehended, there arose a conviction that the struggle of good against evil would not end hopelessly. Still, indeed, the death in arms, rather than "in the straw," was to precede the entrance into the Christian's Valhalla. But it was the death of the old enmities and passions, on which men were to rise as "on stepping-stones" to a higher order of the world, renouncing the perishable element of life that they might possess the immortal.

A comparison between Tegnér's poem and the Saga on which it is based must necessarily omit the examination of the parts in which both agree. Mr. Blackley has often caught the bolder and lyrical spirit of antique passages more happily than the somewhat reflective tone of modern interpolations. The description of Frithiof's game at chess is perhaps his most faultless effort. But we prefer to quote from the passage which describes the temptation to slay King Ring in his sleep resisted; for although the machinery of the birds has been introduced by Tegnér, it is quite in keeping with the original:—

As he slumbers, hark, there sings a coal-black bird from off a bough:

"Haste thee, Frithiof, slay the Grey-beard, and thy sorrows at a blow;"

"Take the Queen, who's thine, since once to thee betrothal's kiss she gave;"

"Hear no mortal eye beholds thee; deep and silent is the grave."

Frithiof listens; hark, now sings a snow-white bird from off a bough:

"Though no mortal eye behold thee, Odin's eye can see thee now;"

"Coward, wouldst thou murder sleep? shall helpless aye by thee be slain?"

"Such deed, what'er to thee it bring, can never peace or honour gain."

So the birds sang both in turn, but Frithiof took his battle-blade,

Shuddering he flung it from him far into the gloomy shade.

The blackbird back to Nastrand flies, but borne along on shining wings,

With song as sweet as tuneful harp, the white one up to sunshine springs.

Straight the old King, waking, quoth, "Much rest did my short sleep afford;
'Tis sweet to slumber in the shade, protected by the brave man's sword;
But where, O stranger, is thy blade, the lightning's brother, whither sped?
And who hath separated you, so little wont to separate?"

"It matters little," Frithiof said, "for swords are plenty in the North:
Sharp-tongued is the blade, O King; no word of peace it speaketh forth—
Within the steel doth evil dwell, a spirit dark from Niffelheim;
Against him sleep no safety hath—grey hairs are but a snare to him."

Students of German ought to know that three weeks' study would enable them to read the *Frithiof-Saga* in the original. Mr. Blackley's translation will have done good service if it induce a few to make the attempt.

LEWES'S BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.*

TEN years ago, Mr. Lewes published a history of philosophy, which, although contained in a narrow compass, and bearing many marks of hasty writing, was very successful and popular. Its popularity was partly owing, no doubt, to the very small price at which it was published; but it was due still more to its freshness and originality of thought and language. It certainly was rather superficial, but no one could doubt that it was written by a man who had tried—too rapidly, perhaps, but still honestly—to place himself in the mental position of the philosophers whose lives he had undertaken to write. Mr. Lewes has now given us a new edition of this work, but so much enlarged, altered, and improved as almost to lay claim to the rank of a new publication. He has added seven names to the list of philosophers; he has prefixed an introduction, setting forth the distinguishing characteristics of philosophy and science; and, throughout, the revision has been such that scarcely a page remains unaltered. In the shape it now assumes, this *History of Philosophy* is a remarkable and a valuable work. It has the great merits of clearness, good sense, and frankness. It cannot fail to awaken thought in the mind of every reader; and perhaps its value is increased rather than diminished by the very plain and strong way in which the author constantly states his own opinions. Histories of philosophy are apt to be dull, and it is no slight cause for gratitude that the present historian has a "vividness of thought, and an independence of philosophical position," which make a book, containing the lives and opinions of forty or fifty metaphysicians, interesting and attractive.

This biographical history of philosophy might be described as being really an essay intended to prove historically that metaphysics have no basis whatever, and relieved by the inter-spersion of the lives of eminent philosophers. The biographical portion of the work is entirely episodic. There is no connexion traced between the events of the lives of the philosophers and the character of their writings; nor does Mr. Lewes make any attempt to disguise that he gives us these little biographies as sugar-plums to sweeten the cup of metaphysical dissertation. They are written in his most amusing style, and every slightly comical anecdote that is connected with the name of a philosopher is carefully inserted. They are all of much the same length—the history of Bacon, for example, very slightly exceeding in extent that of Anaxagoras. Certainly a great deal more is known of the life of the former than of that of the latter, but a reasonable reader does not want more than about two pages of light reading before he goes on to another stage in the history of philosophy; and therefore this is all he gets, although the subject of the biography happens to be a man whose history is remarkable and ascertainable. Scarcely any portion of the career of any philosopher is described with so much minuteness and fulness as the intrigue of Abelard with Heloise. It occupies very nearly the same space as the whole account of the scholastic philosophy. But then this story is eminently entertaining. It stands by itself in the biographies of metaphysicians. "History," says Mr. Lewes, "has no other such example of passionate devotion filling the mind of a woman for a dialectician." Mr. Lewes tells the story with great force and liveliness, and most readers will acknowledge that such an episode makes the account of so stiff a subject as scholasticism much more interesting. Perhaps it is even too successful, and the romance of the narrative, heightened by artfully-chosen Latin quotations in the footnotes, may be apt to distract rather than cheer the student.

These episodes apart, the main design of the book is unquestionably not so much to teach us what philosophers have thought, as to teach us that they have thought in vain. Mr. Lewes contrasts with the circular movement of philosophy the linear progress of science. "While the first principles of philosophy are to this day as much a matter of dispute as they were two thousand years ago, the first principles of science are securely established, and form the guiding lights of European progress." The inferences of philosophy, he wishes us to recognise, start from no well-grounded basis. "The arches they throw are not from known fact to unknown, but from some unknown to some other unknown." The philosopher has no reason to assume that a nexus exists between his intuitional reason and the essences about which he reasons. He tries to say that "reason verifies itself;" but reason has no power to verify itself, for, if it had, philosophy would not be disputing about first principles. All the questions which agitated the Greeks have been reproduced

* *The Biographical History of Philosophy. From its Origin in Greece down to the Present Day.* By George Henry Lewes. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

in modern philosophy. "The ancient researches into the origin of knowledge ended in the Sceptics, the Stoics, and the New Academy—that is to say, in scepticism, commonsense, and scepticism again. The modern researches ended in Berkeley, Hume, Reid, and Kant—that is, in idealism, scepticism, commonsense, and scepticism again." Philosophy cannot advance, it cannot escape from its own weary circle, because its method is a false one. The only true method is the method of science—the method of verification of particulars. In some few instances, metaphysicians have been able and willing to adopt the method of science, but then the result of their labours has been not the attainment of ontological truth, but the recognition of a few psychological facts. The real question that lies at the threshold of all metaphysics is—"Have we any idea independent of experience?" "The answer," says Mr. Lewes, "always ends in a negative." He has made it his business to show the many ways in which this negative answer has been given; and his avowed object in writing this work is to turn men from the useless repetition of a hopeless question, and to encourage them to devote themselves to the certainties, the progress, and the wonders of science.

We do not wish to enter here on a subject so little suited to our columns as whether man has ideas independent of experience. Such an inquiry is worthless unless it is pursued calmly and fully. Mr. Lewes has arrived at an unhesitating conviction that man has no organ of intuition, and that the Positive philosophy is the only tenable one. Of course this conviction gives the key to his whole work, and in some respects it must be confessed that it is advantageous that the history of metaphysical speculation should be written by a man who disbelieves in its utility. Mr. Lewes approaches the different schools of metaphysical thought with the impartiality, although also with a little of the contempt, with which a modern theologian describes the various creeds of heathendom. He has a good-natured indifference, and displays a humorous sense of justice in behalf of the poor wranglers who have tried to penetrate the mystery of existence. He states, with candour and clearness, what the chief sects severally thought, and takes a sort of grim pleasure in making their speculations seem as plausible as possible, in order subsequently to expose their baselessness by applying the grand test which his Positivism affords him. There is not a single philosopher sketched without the sketch containing some valuable passage, some simple and lucid statement, or some acute analysis of a difficult subtlety. Some parts of the book, and especially those where the writer is on a congenial field, are excellent. We may more particularly mention the discussion of the Baconian Induction, and the accounts of Hobbes, Locke, and Berkeley. On the other hand, the notices of some philosophers will necessarily appear meagre and unsatisfactory to those who reject the doctrines of Positivism. To most readers of Plato and Hegel, the account of their writings given by Mr. Lewes will appear superficial, bald, and even untrue. Not that Mr. Lewes makes mistakes of fact when he states in his own language the leading positions of these two philosophers; but the writings of the great Idealists cannot be estimated at their true value by the perusal of such a statement. It is easy for a man who utterly disbelieves in metaphysics to say that Plato held certain doctrines about ideas, and that Hegel maintained the necessity of contraries, and that both were equally wrong, because their positions cannot be verified according to the canons of induction. But the Platonist or Hegelian will reply that the Idealist philosophy, in attempting to grapple with a difficulty and to explore a mystery which all must confess to exist, has made guesses at truth which have been partially verified by experience, or which have commended themselves to the ready reception of mankind, and that to omit to notice these guesses is to do injustice to the minds from which they have proceeded, and to reduce within limits far too narrow the history of philosophy. To inquire whether these guesses at truth are really valuable, is substantially to inquire whether Positivism exhausts the powers of the mind, and we cannot take up that point. But those who think that the Positive school wilfully ignores many spiritual and other facts, and rashly assumes the uselessness of philosophy from its incompetency to make man "as wise as a god," will naturally regard Mr. Lewes's history as in many parts deficient and untrustworthy.

Taken as a whole, however, we cannot doubt that this *History of Philosophy* will be a real gain to English thought. To appreciate it, we must remember the limited purpose which any history of philosophy can subserve. Reading summaries of metaphysical systems will never make any one a metaphysician. There is only one way of really approaching philosophy for the bulk of students. Those few exceptional minds which are themselves capable of constructing systems are in some degree, although only in a very slight degree, independent of research into the writings of preceding inquirers. But the great majority of students must, in order to have any metaphysical thought at all, devote themselves to the careful and laborious study of some one or more philosophical masterpieces. To understand any other system of thought than that in which we have been brought up is so difficult that, of the few who try to overcome the difficulty, only a small proportion succeed. But let us suppose that success has in some measure been obtained, and then a student is prepared to enter on the history of philosophy. He wants to know how the thoughts that begin to germinate in his own mind have fructified in the minds of others. He wishes to appreciate the action of

mind on mind. He seeks to see expressed in the matured opinions of rival philosophers the doubts that hang over the workings of his own thoughts. For this the history of philosophy is indispensable. In the systems of the English universities, however, this necessity is most imperfectly recognised, and the general course of philosophical thought is considered hardly a safe or desirable subject for the investigation of students. Partly, this exclusion of so large a subject as the history of philosophy from the course of study comes from the laudable wish that all study should be thorough and real—partly from an apprehension lest the student, if he knew too much, should not settle down into a desirable frame of mind—and partly from want of a good book. Mr. Lewes has done much to remove the last of these three objections. His book cannot teach metaphysics to a person who has not thought about them; it cannot supersede the slow process of patiently following the thoughts of some great thinker; but it will stimulate, guide, and aid the student who is somewhat advanced. It will put before him the tenets, doubts, postulates, and questions of many eminent minds in a way that is sure to arrest his attention, and to make him feel that the persons of whom he reads really meant something by the language they employed. When a quarter of a century has elapsed, there will be many Englishmen whose opinions will then be formed and matured, and who will be glad to acknowledge that, in the consolidation and ripening of their thoughts, they have been greatly assisted by this work of Mr. Lewes.

THE LIFE OF HANDEL.*

THE soil of England, fertile in poets, philosophers, and statesmen, has not been equally prolific in painters and musicians. We have, at various periods of our history, been reduced to borrow both the one and the other from our Continental neighbours, and have been content fairly to sacrifice our national pride to our taste. In no instance has this cosmopolitan spirit been attended with greater advantages to us than in the adoption of Handel, who, though by birth a German, has created for England a music tinged with our own nationality, and which seems destined, like the works of Shakspeare, to be handed down as one of the sacred heirlooms of our race into the far future. It is true that the present age is acquainted with Handel only through a small portion of his works; but these are of such splendour as to have eclipsed a whole galaxy of compositions which delighted and dazzled our forefathers. The time may possibly arrive when scholarship will occupy itself about Handel as it has about Shakspeare, exploring the remotest nooks for facts connected with the career of the great musician, and making pilgrimages to places where any odour of tradition respecting him may be supposed to linger.

Notwithstanding the great attention which during the last twenty years has been given to Handel and his works in this country, while in Germany and France little more than the memory of his name has remained, it has been reserved for a Frenchman to furnish the first formal biography of the great composer, which now makes its appearance in an English dress, though the original is designed, we presume, for the benefit of the Continental public. M. Victor Schœlcher, having become acquainted in England with Handel's works, seems to have conceived an admiration more fervent than is usually owned to even by the most devout native worshippers, and he writes of his hero in a tone of indiscriminate laudation upon which few Englishmen would have ventured. It is the zeal of a convert, rather than of one born in the faith. M. Schœlcher admits that he has little technical knowledge of music. His testimony as to the effect of Handel's compositions upon a mind receptive of musical impressions, but free from prejudices of habit and education, is perhaps the more valuable on that account. He does not venture upon a very detailed comparison of his merits with those of more recent composers; nor does he sufficiently explain, though he alludes to the fact, that hundreds of cultivated lovers of music talk of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* as a work fit to be placed upon a level with the *Messiah*, while numbers avowedly prefer it. M. Schœlcher has the merit, however, of having ransacked all available sources of information for everything which can throw light upon the external history and chronology of his subject, and he has brought together a large mass of useful materials. As far as the anecdotal part of the work is concerned, little could be done except to embody the already well-known stores supplied by Burney, Mainwaring, Hawkins, and others; but this has not always been accomplished with critical discrimination. For instance, M. Schœlcher introduces, with but slight misgiving, as genuine history, an apocryphal sketch of which Handel is the hero, from a work called the *Somerset House Gazette*, published in 1823, by the late Mr. Pyne, the engraver, under the assumed name of Ephraim Hardcastle. Perhaps, too, the background of the picture is not sufficiently filled up. We should have liked to hear more of contemporary musicians and their works, and of London life under the Georges, and to see a little more deeply into that world in which the man Handel lived and worked. That works such as his should have been produced at such a period is a strange phenomenon, which it is difficult to understand. At a time when art and literature had no very exalted standard, and when poetry, though not silenced, had become terribly straitlaced and formal,

* *The Life of Handel.* By Victor Schœlcher. London: Trübner and Co.

a musician appeared whose works are the models of sublimity and beauty for after times—who combined at once the qualities of a Shakespeare and a Milton, though his medium of expression was different from theirs.

Handel was born at Halle, on the 23rd of February, 1685. His father was a surgeon, and was already of the mature age of sixty-three when George Frederic came into the world. He set his heart upon making a lawyer of this child of his old age, and was considerably alarmed when the boy, at a very early period, exhibited a strong inclination for music. The elder Handel seems to have been much of the same mind with the English *paterfamilias* of our own day. "Music," said he, "is an elegant art and a fine amusement, yet, if considered as an occupation, it has little dignity, as having for its subject nothing better than mere pleasure and entertainment." We have heard similar sentiments expressed by folks who certainly did not borrow them of old Handel. The hen who has the fortune to hatch a duck's egg is doomed to infinite maternal anxiety when the nestling enters the water, but no amount of clucking has ever succeeded in conquering the instinct implanted by nature. Thus did Handel senior in vain apply all the force of parental authority to keep the nascent musician from gratifying his taste for sweet sounds. The boy, by some miracle, contrived to get at a clavichord or dumb spinet, and taught himself to play on it by the time he was seven years old. His father had a son by a former marriage who was *valet de chambre* to the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfeld. He was about to set out on a visit to this son, when the child, then but seven years of age, begged to be taken too. This was refused—whereupon, when the coach set off, George manfully followed after on foot. No threats could induce him to turn back, and at last the old man was fain to take the child with him. The stubborn will which afterwards characterised the composer was foreshadowed in this act of disobedience. Arrived at the palace, George found his way to the organ in the chapel, and commenced a voluntary. The Duke, hearing some rather original sounds, inquired who was the organist, and the child was brought trembling before him. Dr. Handel was astonished to find himself taken to task for his endeavours to stifle so promising a talent. He yielded to the persuasions of the Duke, and the young musician was thenceforth permitted to take regular lessons, which were not thrown away. Zackau, the organist of the cathedral at Halle, under whose tuition the boy was placed, quickly discovered that he had got no ordinary pupil. When Handel was from eight to nine years old, his master would set him to write a sacred motet or cantata weekly, and these exercises, which consisted generally in fugues on a given subject, lasted for three consecutive years. Thus was the foundation laid at this early period for those wonderful triumphs of skill—the choruses of *Israel* and *Messiah*. Zackau began to find that his boy-pupil knew more than himself, and recommended that he should be sent to Berlin to widen the sphere of his studies. Worthy old Doctor Handel, having still some hopes of reclaiming his son to the pursuit of a more dignified profession, was diligent in instructing him in Latin; and possibly this initiation into "the humanities" may not have been without beneficial effect upon the young genius. At about the age of eleven Handel was permitted to go to Berlin, where he was welcomed as a prodigy. Since his time musical infant prodigies have been by no means scarce; but in very few cases has the performance of later years fulfilled the promise of childhood. Handel's was one of those rare instances of precocity in which the powers, instead of becoming exhausted by incessant application, seem to gather renewed strength by exercise, and his creative fertility remained unabated to the close of a long life.

Having lost his father when he was about twelve years old, Handel was reduced to seek a livelihood by the exercise of his art. At eighteen we find him at Hamburg, in the humble capacity of a *violin di ripieno*, or subordinate violinist in the theatre. His talent, however, soon became known, and in 1705 his first opera was produced, a copy of which is said to exist in the library at Berlin. It is stated to have been highly successful, and was shortly followed by several others. Handel next found means of proceeding to Italy, where he produced several operas, and obtained an immense reputation. He also made the acquaintance of the great Italian composers of the day, Corelli and Scarlatti, whom he astonished by the boldness of his innovations, as well as by his executive mastery. At length, having made up his mind to settle in his native country, he went to Hanover, where he was introduced to the elector George of Brunswick, afterwards George the First of England, who offered to retain him as his chapel-master, at a salary of 1500 ducats. Here it was that he met with some British noblemen who pressed him to visit England. Persuaded by them, he relinquished the post offered to him, and thus, at the close of the year 1710, we find him arrived in this country, where Italian opera had been lately introduced and was making considerable stir in the fashionable world. The literary critics, with Addison at their head, denounced as a monstrous absurdity dramatic representations in a language of which the audience did not understand a word. The absurdity, if it be one, has, however, continued to flourish down to our own day, and does not seem likely to yield to any logic that can be brought to bear upon it. Upon Handel's arrival, the poet Aaron Hill, then the director of the Haymarket Theatre, made an English libretto out of the episode of Rinaldo and Armida, in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. One Giacomo Rossi was employed to translate it into Italian, and Handel took a fortnight to set it to music. *Rinaldo* had a run of fifteen nights without intermission—a

great event in those days; and the composer's reputation was at once firmly established. After this success he made a short visit to Hanover, but reappeared in England in January, 1712, and this country henceforth became the home of his adoption. In 1713, he was employed to write a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* upon the celebration of the peace of Utrecht, and his abilities as a writer of sacred music burst forth in their full splendour.

We cannot here follow the fluctuating history of the fortunes of the Italian opera, of which Handel was himself so great a part. Under the auspices of a committee of noblemen who subscribed liberally to support their favourite amusement, all went well at first, and in 1729 we find Handel possessed of 10,000*l.*, which he had saved out of the profits of his works. He subsequently became engaged in a furious competition with his former patrons, and lost the money which he had saved. Musical factions raged. With Signora Cuzzoni on the one hand, and La Faustina on the other, London became the seat of internecine war, and Handel's spirit was not one to yield. In the midst of all this, however, the creative fertility of his mind remained unimpaired. Opera after opera came from his ready pen, and organ and harpsichord music in rich abundance. The oratorio of *Esther*, originally written for the private behoof of the Duke of Chandos, was publicly performed in 1732, and thus a new avenue of success was discovered, which afterwards led to the most important consequences.

The favour with which *Esther* had been received led Handel to write a second oratorio, *Deborah*, and this was followed by *Athalia*, which was produced at Oxford. Of this event the following racy record has been preserved in the diary of old Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, lately published:—

1733, July 5th.—One Handel, a foreigner (who they say was born at Hanover), being desired to come to Oxford, to perform in music at this act, in which he hath great skill, is come down, the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Holmes) having requested him so to do, as an encouragement, to allow him the benefit of the theatre, both before the act begins and after it. Accordingly he hath published papers for a performance to-day, at 5*s.* a ticket. This performance began a little after five o'clock in the evening. This is an innovation. The players might be as well permitted to come and act.

July 6th.—The players being denied coming to Oxford by the Vice-Chancellor, and that very rightly, tho' they might as well have been here as Handel and (his lousy crew) a great number of foreign fiddlers, they went to Abington, and yesterday began to act there, at which were present many gowmsmen from Oxford.

July 8th.—Half an hour after five o'clock yesterday, in the afternoon, was another performance, at 5*s.* a ticket, in the theatre, by Mr. Handel, for his own benefit, continuing till about eight o'clock. N.B.—His book (not worth 1*d.*) he sells for 1*s.*

Thus wrote the grumbling antiquary, little knowing of what or of whom he was talking in this irreverent manner. Handel was "said to have been born in Hanover," and this was enough to rouse the bitterness of his spleen.

We now come to the period of the production of those works upon which the composer's highest claim to immortality rests. In 1738, Handel, having no longer anything to do for the Italian Opera, undertook the oratorio of *Saul*. He commenced it on the 3rd of July, and finished it on the 27th of September. Most of his works are dated by himself in this accurate manner, so that we know the exact times of their composition. On the 1st of October he commenced *Israel in Egypt*, and finished it in twenty-seven days. We need not, perhaps, be surprised that this stupendous work was, on its first production, appreciated by only a few, and that, to make it palatable to the many, the composer found it necessary to interlard the colossal choruses with certain songs of a lighter character, which he appears to have selected from his Italian operas. *Israel in Egypt* was performed only nine times during the life of its author, and the score was unedited in 1759, when he died.

A very curious question has been raised as to the originality of this work. It was long ago found out that the fugue, "Egypt was glad at their departure," existed as an instrumental movement attributed to a composer of the name of Kerl, who occurs in the list of those writers upon whose works Handel is said to have made his earliest studies. This charge of plagiarism has never been successfully rebutted. But recently a manuscript Magnificat, inscribed with the name of one "Rd. Signor Erba," in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, has been brought into notice, containing in all eleven movements, of which six appear to have been borrowed by Handel as the materials for four choruses and two duets in the *Israel*. It is alleged, however, that the superscription alluded to means, not that the Magnificat was the production of Signor Erba, but merely that the copy belonged to him; and M. Schelcher further states that a copy of this same work, in Handel's own handwriting—and which, from the paper on which it is written, must belong to the period of his residence in Italy—is in the collection at Buckingham Palace. If this be the original, Handel would merely have borrowed from himself, as we know was frequently the case in other instances. There certainly was a composer of celebrity named Dionisio Erba, who lived at Milan at the end of the seventeenth century, and the connexion of his name with this Magnificat remains a puzzle. It is not necessarily certain that, because a copy of it exists in Handel's own handwriting, therefore it was his own composition. The matter must for the present be considered undecided.

In 1741, Handel had become so embroiled with the leaders of fashion and taste that his attempts to win back, by the production of operas, the fortune which he had thrown away in managerial expenses were without effect. He bethought himself of

making an experiment upon the Irish public, and accordingly in November of this year he went to Dublin with the score of the *Messiah* in his hand. The dates of the composition of this work are as follows:—"Commenced on the 22nd of August, 1741; end of the first part on the 28th of August; end of the second on the 6th of September; end of the third on the 12th of September, 1741; filled up (*i.e.* with orchestral parts) on the 14th." Thus was one of the most marvellous productions of human genius begun and completed in twenty-three days, its author being then fifty-six years old. Haydn was sixty-five when he wrote the *Creation*, but he took a much longer time than Handel to complete his work.

The success of this new oratorio was unequivocal. The impressionable Irish were enraptured, and on Handel's return to England the London public were not slow to recognise its grandeur. Thenceforward the composer devoted himself almost entirely to sacred music, and produced a series of oratorios, amongst which the names of *Samson*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Joshua*, *Solomon*, and *Jephtha* are the best known. The Dettingen *Te Deum* also belongs to this period. It is painful to find that he had once more to contend with pecuniary difficulties, and in 1745 he was compelled a second time to suspend payments. His indefatigable energy did not desert him, however, and up to the year 1752, when he became afflicted with blindness, he continued to write—his last work being the oratorio of *Jephtha*. The result of his labours was, that after two insolvencies, he left in the end, after paying all debts, a sum of 20,000*l.* The last ten years of his life had witnessed a cessation of hostilities. His genius had become generally acknowledged, and he died universally honoured and respected.

Such is shortly the external history of the man before whom the greatest of modern composers have bowed as their master. He was by nature of powerful constitution; and though his body was somewhat unwieldy, his countenance appears to have impressed his contemporaries with the idea of superiority and genius. Burney says, "Handel's smile was like heaven." He was, however, easily roused to anger, and was a man of the sternest will. He was full of humour, and told a story with great effect, mixing up English, French, Italian, and German, in a way that sometimes puzzled his hearers. It has been said that, out of his own art, he was an ignorant man, and perhaps in one sense this may be true. He knew probably little Latin and no Greek. He may have been equally deficient in the other branches of knowledge which are to be learned from books. But the human heart lay open to him, as also much higher science which no books can teach. Though he appears always to have spoken English with a strong infusion of German, yet his thorough mastery over our language is shown by his admirable skill in adapting it to music—a quality in which no native composer surpasses, and few equal him. He was a proud man, vehement and passionate, and used to give vent to his feelings in the maledictory fashion which was more common in his day than our own. But he was liberal, and even magnificent in his dealings with musicians, and in his charities; and he was the object of warm affection to those who knew him well. Like most men of powerful physique and active intellect, he was a voracious eater, and the anecdote-mongers of the time have not failed to hand down reminiscences of this peculiarity. "His religious sentiments do not appear," says M. Schœleher, "to have been very strong." Indeed! What, then, is M. Schœleher's theory of the composition of the *Messiah*? Was the man Handel a mere musical instrument, upon which some diviner being played? "The 'Hallelujah' of the *Messiah*," says Dr. Beattie, with naïveté, "tends to confirm my theory that Handel, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, must have been a pious man." If a passionate temper and a huge appetite were sufficient to annihilate all claim to piety, many saints would certainly fare ill. In point of fact, Handel appears to have been strongly attached to the creed of the church in which he was born—the Lutheran—although he conformed to the worship of the country where he found himself.

The preparations making for the approaching Handel Festival are a proof of the wide extent of the enthusiasm which prevails in England for the great musician of our adoption. It may be hoped that the unusual attention thus called to his works may be productive of some lasting effects. If there be any hope of a school of musical artists arising in this country to keep pace with our painters and poets, we believe that Handel must be the foundation of its studies.

THE EGYPTIANS IN THE TIME OF THE PHARAOS.*

SIR GARDNER WILKINSON has done more than any other man to popularize the study of Egyptian antiquities. With the exception of Herodotus, no work on Egypt has had so wide a circulation as his *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*; and his lately-published *Companion to the Egyptian Collection at the Crystal Palace* will render to the abstruse study of hieroglyphics the same service which Mr. Vaux's *Nineveh and Persepolis* has rendered to the study of the cuneiform inscriptions. It does not aspire, indeed, to that *otium cum dignitate* which most works on Egypt enjoy on the

shelves of our libraries and museums. But it will run its race on all the railways of England, and travel cross-country in the despatches of Mr. Mudie's Library. There was a time when priests only were able to read and to write, and when letters were called sacred things. At present, every child can read and write, and we should not wonder if, one of these days, we were to meet a ploughboy pondering over Sir Gardner Wilkinson's *Companion*, and smiling at the ignorance of the learned priests of Memphis, and the clumsy contrivance of their A.B.C. Surely there has been progress in the history of the world.

The *Companion to the Egyptian Collection at the Crystal Palace* is divided into two parts. We begin with the second, which treats on hieroglyphics, or on the system of writing as originally invented in Egypt, and preserved to us on the walls of the tombs and temples still extant in the valley of the Nile. This chapter is written by Mr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum. He gives us an excellent survey of the history of the discovery of hieroglyphical interpretation—beginning with the vain attempts of Kircher, De Sacy, and Akerblad, and carrying us on from the clever guesses of Young, and the brilliant discoveries of Champollion, to the systematic works of Bunsen, Lepsius, and Brugsch. The account which Mr. Birch gives of the system of the hieroglyphical alphabet is well arranged. He tells us all that is known about ideographs, determinatives, and phonetics, mixed and simple; and there are specimens to show how, with such an alphabet, the spoken language of the Egyptians was written many thousand years ago, and how the fragments of these ancient inscriptions may be read and interpreted at the present day. This is a subject which, in the actual state of our knowledge, can hardly be rendered popular as yet. Great results, no doubt, have been obtained. Names, and dates, and complete sentences have been read with more or less certainty, and a young lady may spell out, without much trouble, the names of Ptolemæus and Cleopatra on the Rosetta stone in the British Museum. Yet there remains much that is purely hypothetical when we come to read an inscription; and we doubt whether the hope expressed by Mr. Birch, that "ere long it will be as easy to read a page of hieroglyphics as of Greek or Latin," will ever be realized. There is something in the nature of the subject which would seem to preclude this. "We confidently maintain," says Chevalier Bunsen, "that no man living is competent to read and explain the whole of any section of the 'Book of the Dead,' far less of one of the historical papyri." And although the study of the Cuneiform inscriptions is of more recent date than that of the hieroglyphics, we doubt whether an experiment which was lately tried to test the soundness of Sir Henry Rawlinson's translations would produce the same satisfactory results if applied to hieroglyphics. A large Cuneiform inscription (we speak, of course, of the Babylonian, and not of the Persian Cuneiforms, for the latter may at present be read by any Oriental scholar with the same certainty as Greek and Latin inscriptions) was given to four gentlemen—Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, Mr. Fox Talbot, and M. Oppert. They had to send in their translations without having had any communication among themselves; and when the seals were broken, and the translations compared, there was, in spite of differences in detail, so general an agreement among the four, that it was impossible to doubt the truth and soundness of the principles adopted by these four scholars in reading and interpreting the edicts of Tiglath Pileser.

This is not meant to disparage the results which have hitherto been obtained by Egyptian scholars. The difficulties they have to contend with are infinitely greater. The Babylonian inscriptions are not, indeed, written with a purely phonetic alphabet, like the inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes. They contain ideographs and determinatives—they contain syllabic signs, and phonetics, mixed and simple, like the hieroglyphical inscriptions. But in the Babylonian inscriptions the phonetic and syllabic signs preponderate—in the Egyptian inscriptions they come in as complements only. Again, the language by means of which the hieroglyphic texts are to be translated is Coptic—a language of the Hamitic family, known to us chiefly through one small literature, that of the Coptic Church. The dialect of the Babylonian inscriptions belongs to the large family of the Semitic languages, and in the same manner as the Comparative Grammar of the Indo-European or Aryan languages supplied the key to the grammar and the dictionary of the idiom of the Achæmenian records, a comparative study of the Semitic dialects throws abundant light on the phraseology of Nebuchadnezzar. It is true that a work like that of Bopp on the Indo-European languages has still to be written for Semitic philology. But the materials for such a work exist, and Sir Henry Rawlinson has mastered them, and knows how to apply them for his purposes. We say so advisedly, and in spite of the sneers of a young French Academician who, we may hope, has found out by this time that he must gain his spurs by more chivalrous deeds than throwing poisoned arrows at men whose works he has either not read at all, or not been able to understand—and whose *Grammaire Comparée des Langues Sémitiques* has proved at least one thing, that a comparative grammar of the Semitic languages does not yet exist. For the translation of the hieroglyphical inscriptions, no assistance will ever be derived from a comparative grammar of the Hamitic languages; and where the Coptic dialect fails to supply an explanation, the meaning of Egyptian words will necessarily remain unknown, or extremely doubtful. Mr. Birch has endeavoured to show that, besides the Coptic, the

* *The Egyptians in the Time of the Pharaohs*: Being a Companion to the Crystal Palace Egyptian Collections. By Sir Gardner Wilkinson, D.C.L., F.R.S. To which is added an Introduction to the Study of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics. By Samuel Birch. Published for the Crystal Palace Company, by Bradbury and Evans. 1857.

Hebrew also, and some of the Indo-European languages may throw light on the meaning of Egyptian words. But, though he confesses himself that he gives these etymologies "more as curiosities of literature, than as serious truths," we are bound to say that, in the work of a scholar, such jocular comparisons as Egyptian *shaf*=English *sheep*, Egyptian *naham*, to take, German *nehmen* (*sic*) should have been suppressed.

Although Mr. Birch's contribution forms the second part of the *Companion*, we have mentioned it first, because the study of the Egyptian alphabet and grammar forms the natural introduction to the study of Egyptian antiquities. But, probably on account of its greater attraction, the description of the Egyptian monuments, their age, their history, and their character, has been placed first; and we are not inclined to quarrel with Sir G. Wilkinson about the arrangement of his book. It is in Egyptian archeology, properly so called, that he himself has achieved his most brilliant discoveries, and the subject itself is, no doubt, of more general interest than the dry rules for deciphering hieroglyphic inscriptions. We regret, however, that Sir Gardner has not entered more fully into the arguments for the superlative antiquity of the Egyptian monuments. He takes it for granted that, at the time when Troy was conquered, Egypt had already passed through its meridian, and its ancient civilization was beginning to decline. He does not, indeed, tell us definitely and boldly, whether he places the first King of Egypt 4000 or 10,000 years B.C., but we are always reminded that the smallest and most insignificant things are important in Egypt, because they belong to an age so long anterior to all known history. But if antiquity is the principal charm of Egyptian history, the claims to that antiquity should once for all be stated, in such a manner that not only chronologists and astronomers, but every schoolboy might be able to appreciate them. Where Sir Gardner really excels is in his readings of the pictorial representations of Egyptian life as they are found on the walls of Egyptian monuments. Where an ordinary spectator would see nothing but a number of strange figures, grouped together apparently without any purpose, Sir Gardner discovers a picture of life in which every figure has a meaning, every gesture a purpose. According to him, the ancient Egyptians must have been the gayest people in the world. Their dinners were most elaborate, their wines choice, and their beer was praised even by so dainty a race as the Greeks. They were fond of music and dancing, and there are some of the most extraordinary games which Sir Gardner interprets with all the sagacity of a schoolboy. At one time he points out a conjuror producing his pea, and astonishing the ever-mistaken novice with thimble-rig. On another picture he recognises tumblers (mostly women) performing various evolutions, throwing themselves over and over backwards, in the manner of a wheel—some making a somersault to the ground, others wearing high fools' caps, and turning head over heels without deranging their projecting head-gear. Games of ball were also favourite amusements, and wrestling, bull-fighting, and other sports served to entertain the fashionable world of Memphis. The number of musical instruments must have been considerable, to judge from pictures and from specimens actually preserved in the ruins of Egypt. There was every kind of comfort in the houses of the Egyptian gentry. There were chairs, stools, and benches, some of them inlaid with ivory. The walls were ornamented with devices, the ceilings coloured in a most elaborate style, and this as early as the sixth dynasty. Their pottery showed great skill and taste, and their jewelry might be worn at the present day. All this is described in minute detail by Sir Gardner Wilkinson; and though his imagination is lively, he seldom allows himself to be carried away by mere guesses. It is a talent peculiar to him, which enables him to read the sketches of Egyptian life in such a manner that they suddenly disclose a meaning which they had not before, but which carries conviction as soon as it is once pointed out.

There is hardly anything to find fault with in our *Companion to the Crystal Palace*. The illustrations are numerous, and well executed; and the book itself is both amusing and instructive. If we must criticise, let us hint that we might perhaps have wished less frequent attempts at humour, or rather, at making fun. Sir Gardner speaks of the bitter ale made by the Basses and Allsopps of Pelusium. He calls a boy a sort of neutral animal, like a young woman in German. The Egyptian breeders, he writes, seem to have fattened their cattle to a degree which might gain them a prize, or, at least, be "highly recommended" at one of our modern cattle-shows. Such expressions have the very opposite effect to that which they are intended to produce; and they have of late become rather too frequent in writers who wish to be light and popular. There is one question which we should like to ask—Were the Canaanites called Phœnicians by the Greeks because they were red men? Sir Gardner Wilkinson adopts this view, and supports it by the colour chosen by the Egyptians for painting the human figure, which was red—also by the name of Adam (red) and of the Edomites. But was not the country rather called the red or purple country, and the inhabitants of the country Phœnicians? We are glad to find Sir Gardner protesting against the misconception of the Rev. C. Forster, who sees in the sacred sycamore of Netpe the tree of the Garden of Eden; but we must equally protest against Sir Gardner's mixing up Greek and Egyptian legends, and deriving the origin of the ambrosia of the Greeks from the fruit which Netpe gives to the deserving dead. Ambrosia is a conception purely Aryan, and has its prototype in the Sanscrit *Amrita*.

MR. RECORDER HILL ON CRIME.*

ANONYMOUS writing is everything to the numerous classes who, in the present day, feel that they have a mission to regenerate mankind. It disarms the native flunkeyism of the true-born Briton. An opinion propounded in the columns of a respectable newspaper is sure of being considered with at least as much respect as it deserves; while the opinion of the humble—and perhaps disreputable—Smith or Jones who wrote it would be at once pitched into the fire as presumptuous. But those who have the garnish of a name are not satisfied either to forego its aid, or to renounce the lustre with which they confidently expect the success of their own special nostrum will invest it. At the same time, publication in a newspaper is almost indispensable to any wide publicity; for the glory of pamphlets has departed since Walpole's days, and they usually run a brief career from the publisher's to the trunk-maker. All our notabilities, therefore, great and small, are constantly grasping at every opportunity of making speeches on public affairs, in the hope that the *Times* will be gracious enough to report them. If they select the dead season of the year, and news is scarce, the leading journal generally condescends to do so; and thus they get all the publicity of a leading article without sacrificing their own personal immortality to the glory of the newspaper. The utter incongruity between the audience and the speeches which are nominally addressed to them, is sometimes very amusing. An unquiet Archdeacon has no other outlet for his indignation against a profane and impious Legislature which threatens to abolish church-rates, than the unhappy churchwardens whom he gathers at a visitation, and whose life is made a burden to them by the agitation. Agricultural statistics are generally denounced at a cattle-show. If a "hero" wishes to make mince-meat of military reform, he usually selects the fag-end of an agricultural dinner, and an atmosphere redolent of farmers and roast beef. An M.P. of the six hundredth magnitude, whose eye the Speaker is much too good a judge to catch, rushes in the autumn to his borough, and disgorges before its admiring green-grocers, the bottled-up philanthropy of a session. Somewhat, we presume, on this principle, judges have been in the habit of enlightening the public—which undoubtedly they are most competent to do—on questions of social legislation, through the medium of the sapient country gentlemen who form that venerable relic of uselessness—the grand jury. Mr. Hill has largely availed himself of this species of pamphleteering, and he now republishes, in a collected form, the efforts which he deems most worthy of a permanent existence. The thick volume before us contains twenty charges, delivered at various intervals during the last eighteen years, and embracing every variety of subject, from choked sewers to the Maine Law, that can by any possibility be connected with criminal jurisprudence. Mr. Hill modestly tells us that he feared a mere collection of his charges might be dull; and that therefore he has garnished it not only with explanations and illustrative documents, but also with contemporary criticisms, extracted from the periodical literature of the day. We are constrained to say that he would have shown more wisdom if he had shown less humility. His own matter is interesting enough; his reasoning, though it does not err on the side of brevity, is sensible and calm; but the seasoning of stale leaders is as insipid as an encored anecdote or a cold *soufflé*.

The two subjects which are most prominent in these diversified pages are, the repression of drunkenness and the treatment of convicts. With respect to drunkenness, his leanings are obviously to a Maine Law, but only in this qualified sense—that he wishes the feelings of the people were enlightened enough to make a Maine Law possible. He is far too acute to believe in the feasibility of making a drunken nation sober by Act of Parliament; but he believes that, if the sober portion of the community could only be impressed with the benefits of the Maine Law, there is a large number of the drunken portion who approve the better while they do the worse, and who, under pressure of a morning headache, would gladly borrow a straitwaistcoat of their neighbours. He quotes a great amount of testimony in favour of the Maine Law, the most striking part of which is that which speaks to the eagerness with which, in some American States, so vigorous a law has been sought for and enforced by the masses. The movement seems to have been almost entirely from below. The magistrates who grant licenses are, like all other magistrates, elective; and the strength of the Temperance movement had been made to tell so forcibly on the elections, that licenses began to be granted with difficulty, and at last to be uniformly refused—so that the sale of liquor had practically ceased some time before it was proscribed by law. The Maine Law was thus delivered from that which would be its fatal stumbling-block in England—there was no sense of injustice or compulsion, no rebellion against the enforcement of a self-denial on the poor which was wholly repudiated by the rich. It is one of the advantages, perhaps the only advantage, of a democracy, that among the many jealousies which clog the machinery of the State, the jealousy between the rulers and the ruled altogether disappears. The populace do not care to rebel against the law, because it is they themselves who have made it. It may be hard to induce them to pass good laws; but when that is effected, the victory

* Suggestions for the Repression of Crime; contained in Charges delivered to Grand Juries at Birmingham. By M. D. Hill. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

is wholly won. With us the battle is then only half fought; for it is often harder to execute a law than to pass it. Mr. Hill is quite alive to this obstacle in the path of an English Maine Law. But there is another difficulty which does not seem to have occurred to him. The parallel between Great Britain and those States in America with whom the Maine law has found favour, fails in this, that they lie between latitude 39° and 47°, while Great Britain lies between 50° and 58°. We are under an infinite disadvantage in respect to the pressure of temptation, and probably, *pace* Dr. Carpenter, in respect to the necessities of health; for the instinctive tendency of all the Northern nations, of whatever race, to alcohol, must indicate some more imperious need than that of a merely unbridled appetite.

But the question with which Mr. Hill is most familiar, and on which he is looked up to as an authority by a considerable school, is the treatment of convicted criminals. His views on the subject are slightly doctrinaire, as is generally the case with *ex cathedra* philosophers, who are more accustomed to preach than to discuss; and he is a little tainted with a very common heresy—a species of chronological *esprit de corps*, to which it is hard to give a name, but which may perhaps be described as the deification of the nineteenth century. But he is laudably free from one of the most unreasonable follies of that same century—he has no taste for petting felons. The contrast between himself and his brother, who has been a prison inspector, and who is an author of some note upon this subject, strikingly shows the difference of view which different positions may produce. The Inspector sees the criminals in their sentimental and touching stage, just when the chaplain has taught them to answer “umby,” to look on their own righteousness as filthy rags, and to repeat one of Dr. Watts’s hymns; and when moreover there is nothing but oakum for them to steal. The result is, that he scarcely recognises the existence of the incorrigible scoundrel. He looks upon reformation by gaol machinery as a mere question of time—it is a process of moral mechanics, the duration of which may be longer or shorter, according to the texture of the material, but the event of which cannot be doubtful. But the Recorder has spent his life in seeing and hearing of the doings of the villains who take the gaol vanish so kindly. Any hopeful belief which he may ever have entertained in the universal perfectibility of felons, has been drilled out of him by experience. He freely admits that there are natures so depraved that they are impervious to human agencies of reform; and he has bestowed some thought on the treatment they should receive. It is the most difficult question in criminal jurisprudence. In truth, it underlies all the perplexities which have made our legislation on this subject of late years so vacillating and so resultless. The difficulties which beset the reformation of criminals are merely the faltering steps of a science which is in its infancy—whatever our defects may be, time will make them good. And when the criminals really are reformed, it will not be very hard to dispose of them. But no march of improvement, no lapse of time, will help us to deal with the incorrigibles. Public opinion will not let us hang them—the colonies will not let us transport them. Indeed, except as a means of reformation, transportation is outrageous selfishness—it is turning your own sewer into your neighbour’s drawing-room, for want of a better outlet. Unless, then, we intend to let them remain a predatory horde in the heart of our civilization, nothing remains to us except to imprison them for life. But there are insuperable difficulties in such a measure. When the panic of last winter has thoroughly died away, and the philanthropists resume their evil way, will a sentimental public endure the spectacle of hundreds pining in hopeless confinement? And if, in order not to leave them quite without hope, we relax their restraint as the imprisonment wears on, there rises before us a vista of the evils, too horrible to name, which have made Norfolk Island a byword, and which will always abound in any community of thoroughly vicious men left for a moment to themselves. It were to be wished that our penal philosophers would bend their intellects more than they have done to this radical problem, instead of wasting their time in explaining the meaning of a “ticket-of-leave,” or in speculating on the possibility of some new field of transportation, which, were it found, would only cloak, not cure, the evil.

The peculiarity of Mr. Hill and his school is their utter disbelief in the deterring power of punishment. He thinks that it has been tried through many ages, and that it has failed; and, in proof that it is founded on a misconception of human nature, he cites the case of the tin-smelters and other workers at dangerous trades who, for an extra half-crown a week, are content to face the certainty of an early death. He refers also to the obstinacy with which drunkards and others will gratify inveterate passions, of the fatal consequences of which they are perfectly aware. The fallacy of these supposed parallels is obvious. The law’s penalty is immediate—the tin-smelter’s penalty is a distant one, and therefore is as ineffectual as the menaces of another world often are on minds that never think of believing them. There always lurks the beguiling hope that the dangerous trade or the sinful course can be enjoyed for a time, and abandoned before it is too late. Again, it may be readily conceded that the habitual thief, like the habitual drunkard, is inaccessible to the fear of consequences. But the law’s terrors were never meant for him. The persons for whom they are meant are the large class of waverers whose principles alone are not strong enough to resist temptation. There are thousands of cases where virtue *plus* the terrors of

the law is strong enough to triumph over a momentary inclination to which virtue alone would yield. Therefore it is that statistics of re-commitments are no sort of criterion of the deterring efficacy of the law; for they furnish no account of the numberless persons whom the fear of punishment has withheld, in a moment of passing recklessness, or rage, or moral cowardice, from crossing the Rubicon of crime. There is no fear, however, that Mr. Hill will succeed in imbuing his countrymen with this philanthropic delusion. The influence which his zeal and the general soundness of his views has procured him is very great; but he is fighting against the tradition of the world. We shall not be readily brought to think that it has been reserved for the nineteenth century to discover that the common instinct of mankind, through countless generations that have never faltered in their belief in the deterring efficacy of punishment, has been all along a blunder.

CATHERINE DE VÈRE.*

SOME books are worthy of respect for their intrinsic merits—others interest us from their authorship—and there is a third, and a very large class, which are too well intentioned to be ridiculed, and yet which it is difficult to read seriously. The little volume before us is a good specimen of this last kind of work. It is a very unobjectionable little story, in which various good people go through various trials, more or less severe, and a certain number of bad people are made good before the end of the book. The heroine, Catherine De Vere, is beautiful and an heiress. Her hand is sought by many aspirants; and instead of taking a virtuous clergyman, as her father wishes, or a silly young lord, according to her mother’s desire, she marries a dashing and handsome Captain Marchmont. This gentleman, incited by the villain of the piece—a certain Jack Lovatt, who hates Catherine because she had rejected his love—takes to gambling, and makes his poor wife very unhappy; but he at length goes to the Crimea, and loses his leg in the trenches, which makes him an altered character, and the scene closes on a happy home. The moral of the book is, we suppose, that young ladies should marry lords or clergymen, and should practise patience and humility when they are afflicted. Perhaps there may be nothing very new or original in this view of life; but, as far as it goes, it does not seem likely to do any one any great harm. Like all works of this stamp, our authoress (for we conclude it to be the work of a lady, and a young one) deals a good deal in deathbed scenes. We have no less than six to go through, most of them very harrowing. This, we humbly submit, is a great and unnecessary wear and tear of feeling. We should also advise our fair friend to be more sparing of italics in her next story, and to settle decidedly, when she begins it, whether she intends to write in the present or in the past tense, by which she would avoid the danger of considerable grammatical confusion. We are inclined, too, to think that if she would give more play to her comic vein in future, she would do well. It is undoubtedly her strongest point; and the best thing in the story is the account of the second love affair of the unfortunate Lord Robert Gray, which we quote:—

But to return to Lord Robert. Lady Gray, having failed with a beautiful girl and a fortune, determined next to make him try his luck with a title; and, as if to suit her purpose, just at this juncture, the Duchess of L— arrived at Rome, with her two daughters, Lady Emily and Lady Lucy Walsley. That the young ladies were plain was of no consequence to her Ladyship; they had respectable fortunes, and were not, on the whole, disagreeable girls. This time, Lady Gray having, I suppose, acknowledged to herself that her son was a goose, was determined that all preliminaries should be arranged between the two mammas, before the young man was to be permitted to declare his passion. I believe he was very averse to it all along; but his mother was so accustomed to manage him, that he did not dare resist. They met frequently, and at last, Lady Gray sounded the Duchess as to her son’s chance. The ladies were pretty well suited, for the Duchess was all for marrying her daughters to the best parts; so, as Lord Robert was very well, as far as money and title went, she promised to prepare her daughter for the coming proposal, only telling Lady Gray, very particularly, that Lady Lucy was to be the one; for it appears, the other daughter had contracted an engagement some years previously, which, though extremely displeasing to the Duchess, yet her Grace had the sense to know would prevent her marrying any one else at present; whereas the younger daughter she could mould to her own will. Lady Gray went home well pleased; she was to wait till the next day, when the Duchess promised to inform her how the suit prospered with her daughter, not that she had any doubts on the subject, but it was best not to hurry matters too much. The same day, the Duchess repeated to both her daughters what had passed, only, of course, declaring that Lord Robert expressed himself desperately in love with Lady Lucy, and entirely omitting her own share in the matter, in fixing on which daughter was to be the chosen one. All passed off as was to be wished; the young lady was not very refractory, only twice asking if the Duchess was *sure* that Lord Robert meant her, and not her sister, as it always had struck her he paid most attention to Emily. She was of course assured to the contrary, and Lady Emily attempted no persuasions, calmly surveying the arrangements with supreme contempt. The morrow came, and Lady Gray heard of the success of her machinations; there was nothing more to be done but for her son to speak in person. She insured him from a second refusal; and, much against his will, he started, his first attempt having, no doubt, taken from him the little courage he had once possessed. He entered the house, well tutored that it was to Lady Lucy he was to pay his *devoirs*. As luck would have it, Lady Emily was alone in the drawing-room when he entered. He never could remember a name in his life; no doubt you recollect this singular forgetfulness, by his invariably calling Maria, Miss Hayter, and Margaret, Miss Maria.” They all laughed. “Well,” continued Gina, “he had prepared his speech in this instance, and at once began, almost volubly for him, thanks to his mother’s dictation; and whilst he was pouring out his love and admiration for the young lady before him, Lady Lucy, the real

* Catherine De Vere: a Tale. By H. M. W. London: Longman and Co. 1837.

object of his affections, entered the room. Lady Emily received her with a peal of laughter, and he looked extremely discomfited on discovering his mistake. All he ventured to say—for he had not the nouse to try and change his tactics—then, was, 'Confound it! I knew Lady Lucy was to be the one, but I never thought of inquiring how I was to know one from the other.' A moment after, seeing no hope in the continued laughter of the sisters, he rushed from the room, and though the visits of the Duchess and Lady Gray became very frequent the next few days, nothing could induce them to be brought together again. Lord Robert, to all entreaties, plainly and doggedly answering, 'I won't,' and Lady Lucy being equally averse to any renewal of the affair. The Duchess was so irate, when she found it was all over, that she did not hesitate to repeat the whole story to her friends, asking if they could ever believe a man's being such a fool—this very man she wanted to have for her son-in-law."

The pattern clergyman, Mr. Allan Bertie, who ought to have married the heroine, is as dull and priggish as pattern clergymen are wont to be; and we really cannot wonder at the preference Catherine shows for the gay and gallant Harry Marchmont, in spite of his gambling propensities. However, it may be satisfactory to the more tender-hearted among our readers to hear that the reverend and luckless man is finally consoled by marrying the daughter of his first love; and we have every reason to hope, in spite of the disparity in years between them, that the union turns out a happy one, as we leave them in a comfortable rectory, with a large family of healthy children.

On the whole, in spite of the want of breadth and colour in the narrative, and the carelessness and occasional weakness of style, there is much promise in *Catherine De Vere*; and we hope that this may not be the last work we may meet with from the same pen. We should advise that, in her future stories, the authoress should give a little less prominence to her own theological views. The mixture of controversy with romance only spoils both, and we trust that the era of religious novels is rapidly passing away. They are on many accounts the most disagreeable form which fiction can take, and have damaged to an incalculable extent the cause or causes which they have been written to support. We believe, indeed, that in attacking them we are now smiting a fallen foe; for public opinion has of late declared itself so strongly against them that they are no longer good speculations in a commercial point of view. We hail this fact as one of the most cheering evidences of the progress of good taste in the present generation. Such books as *Catherine De Vere* may be fairly considered as their successors; and though they are certainly far superior to them in all ways, still there is sufficient likeness in them to our ancient enemies to make us watch them very jealously. At present, however, they are harmless enough, and if the young ladies of England find them amusing companions for their lighter hours, there is, we conceive, no sort of objection to their studying them to any extent they like. Their great popularity has sometimes astonished us; but as we are not young ladies, perhaps we are incapable of a fair judgment on the subject, and therefore we had better make our bow and leave the point entirely to their decision.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. BENEDICT'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, ON WEDNESDAY, June 24th.
PICCOLINI, SPERZA, ORTOLANI, and ALBONI; GIUGLINI, CHARLES BRAHAM, REICHAERT, BOTTARDI, BENEVENTANO, CORSI, VIALETTI, and BELLETTI.
The programme will include a selection from Gluck's ORFEO; the part of Orfeo by Made. ALBONI. The distinguished instrumentalists engaged for the occasion will include Miss ANABELLA GODDARD, Mr. L. SLOPER, Signor BAZZINI, PIATTI, PEZZE, and BOTTESINI.
Boxes, to hold four persons, 2, 3, and 4 guineas; Pit stalls, £1 1s.; Pit, 7s.; Gallery stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. To be had at all the principal Music-sellers and Libraries; of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square; and at the Box-office at the Theatre.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The restoration of DON GIOVANNI having been received with the greatest enthusiasm, the chef-d'œuvre of Mozart will be repeated on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the 16th, 18th, and 20th June, with the following unprecedented cast:—Zerlina, Madlle. PICCOLINI; Donna Anna, Madlle. SPERZA; and Donna Elvira, Madlle. ORTOLANI. Don Giovanni, Sign. BENEVENTANO; Leporello, Sign. BELLETTI; Maestro, Sign. CORSI; Il Commendatore, Sign. VIALETTI; and Don Ottavio, Sign. GIUGLINI. The Minuet in the Ball Scene will be danced by Mesdames PASQUALI, KARLISKI, MORIACCHI, MARIS, and Corps de Ballet.

A limited number of Boxes on the Half-Circle Tier have been specially reserved for the Public, and may be had at the Box-office, at the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket. Price 21s. and £1 11s. 6d. each.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL, 1857.—POLICE REGULATIONS to prevent obstructions at the Crystal Palace, on Monday, 15th; Wednesday, 17th; and Friday, 19th June, 1857.

SETTING DOWN.
By Westow-hill, Anerley-road, or Croydon-road.—Carriages with company having pink, or south tickets, are to set down at the South Transept.

WAITING AND TAKING UP.
Carriages are to wait in the Anerley and Hamlet-roads or in the road opposite the Transepts, and take up their company at the South Transept, as directed by the Police, and go away as they came.

SETTING DOWN.
By Dulwich Private-road, or Sydenham-hill.—Carriages with company having buff, or north tickets, are to set down at the North Transept.

WAITING AND TAKING UP.
Carriages are to wait in the Sydenham-road (in double line), in the road opposite the Transepts, and take up their company at the North Transept, as directed by the Police, and go away as they came.

SETTING DOWN.
By Sydenham or Bromley.—Carriages with company may set down at either the Sydenham or Anerley entrances to the Gardens. Those with pink tickets will enter at the South Wing, and those with buff tickets at the North Wing.

WAITING AND TAKING UP.
Carriages are to wait in the New Private-road, and to take up their company at those entrances, as directed by the Police, and go away as they came. No carriages or vehicles of any description (except those which have set down their company at the Crystal Palace) will be allowed to remain on the roads near the Palace, but will remain as directed by the Police.

Servants are to wait where directed by the Police.
RICHARD MAYNE, Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis.
Metropolitan Police-office, June, 1857.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—HANDEL FESTIVAL WEEK.

The following are the ARRANGEMENTS for the ADMISSION of VISITORS during the week:—

Saturday, June 13th.—FULL CHORAL REHEARSAL. Open at Nine, commence at Eleven. Admission by tickets at 10s. 6d.

Monday, June 15th.—THE MESSIAH. Open at Eleven, commence at One. Display of the GRAND FOUNTAINS one hour after the Termination of the Oratorio. Admission by tickets, at 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 21s.

Tuesday, June 16th.—Open at Ten. Admission 1s.

Wednesday, June 17th.—JUDAS MACCABEUS. Open at Eleven, commence at One. Display of the GRAND FOUNTAINS one hour after the termination of the Oratorio. Admission by tickets, at 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 21s.

Thursday, June 18th.—Open at Ten. Admission 1s.

Friday, June 19th.—ISRAEL IN EGYPT. Open at Eleven, commence at One. Display of the GRAND FOUNTAINS one hour after the termination of the Oratorio. Admission by tickets, at 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 21s.

Saturday, June 20th.—Open at Twelve. Admission half-a-crown.

N.B. Season tickets will not be available for admission on the 13th, 15th, 17th, or 19th instant.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, BADEN, UP THE RHINE, and PARIS, is NOW OPEN EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Stalls can be secured at the Box-office, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, every day, between Eleven and Four, without any extra charge. The Morning Representations take place every Tuesday and Saturday, at Three o'clock.

BANK OF DEPOSIT—NATIONAL ASSURANCE AND INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION.

No. 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W. No. 8, CHERRY-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
(Head Office). No. 9, PAVILLION-BUILDINGS, BRISTOL.
No. 2, ST. ANDREW-SQUARE, EDINBURGH. No. 64, HIGH-STREET, LEWES.
No. 202, UNION-STREET, ABERDEEN. No. 9, WESTMORELAND-STREET, DUBLIN.
Established May, 1844.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

This Company was established in 1844, for the purpose of opening to the Public an easy and unquestionably safe mode of Investment, with a high and uniform rate of Interest.

The plan of the Bank of Deposit differs entirely from that of ordinary Banks in the mode of employing Capital—Money deposited with this Company being principally lent upon well-secured Life Interests, Reversions in the Government Funds, or other property of ample value. This class of Securities, although not immediately convertible, it is well known yields the greatest amount of profit, combined with perfect safety. Further, Loans made by the Company are collaterally secured by a Policy of Assurance on the Life of the Borrower, or his Nominee, effected at a rate of Premium which insures the validity of the Policy against every possible contingency.

Thus Depositors are effectually protected against the possibility of loss, whilst the large and constantly increasing revenue arising from the Premiums on Assurances thus effected, yields ample profit to the Company, and provides for all the expenses of management.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS may be opened with sums of any amount, and increased from time to time, at the convenience of Depositors.

A receipt, signed by two Directors, is given for each sum deposited.

RATE AND PAYMENT OF INTEREST.

The rate of Interest since the establishment of the Company, has never been less than Five per Cent. per Annum; and it is confidently anticipated that the same careful and judicious selection from Securities of the description above mentioned, will enable the Board of Management to continue this rate to Depositors.

The Interest is payable in January and July, on the amount standing in the Name of the Depositor on the 30th of June and 31st of December; and, for the convenience of parties residing at a distance, may be received at the Branch Offices, or remitted through Country Bankers.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

3, Pall Mall East, London.

Forms for opening Accounts, may be obtained at any of the Branches or Agencies, or they will be forwarded, Post free, on application to the Managing Director.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—OFFICE—NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS. ESTABLISHED IN 1782.

Capital on the 31st December, 1856, £7,000,000 sterling.
Income of the Society upwards of £400,000 per annum.

The Equitable is a Mutual Society, and the whole of the profits are appropriated to the benefit of the Assured.

Assurances may be effected for any sum not exceeding £10,000 on one and the same Life.

A Weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive Proposals for New Assurances.

A short account, explanatory of the advantages and security afforded to Assurers, may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily, from 10 to 4 o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY. ESTABLISHED 1831.

The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING of this Society was held in Edinburgh, on the 6th of May, David J. Thomson, Esq., in the chair. The Report by the Directors stated, that the number of Policies issued during the year ending 1st March last, was 658, the sums thereby assured being £300,440, and the Annual Premiums thereon, £9589—all of which exceed, in every particular, those of the previous year.

The Invested Funds of the Society amount to £1,029,604

The Annual Revenue, to 176,411

The Existing Assurances, to £882,000

Copies of the Report may now be obtained at the Society's offices.

ROBERT CHRISTIE, Manager.

Head Office—26, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

London Office—25, POULTRY, E.C.

ARCHDEACON T. RITCHIE, Agent.

Western London Office.—6A, JAMES'S STREET, WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W.

CHARLES B. LEVER, Solicitor, Agent.

ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

6, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON.

Chairman.—HENRY FREDERICK STEPHENSON, Esq.

Deputy-Chairman.—ROBERT BIDDULPH, Esq.

ADVANTAGES.—Mutual Assurance.

THE LOWEST rates of Premium on the MUTUAL SYSTEM.

THE WHOLE OF THE PROFITS divided every Fifth Year.

An accumulated Capital of £1,575,000

During its existence the Society has paid in Claims 1,455,000

Reversionary Bonuses have been added to Policies to the extent of 590,000

The last Bonus, declared in 1854, averaged £67 PER CENT. on the

Premiums paid, and amounted to 397,000

Policies in force 7,437

The Annual Income exceeds 240,000

The next Division of Profits will be made in 1859.

Assurances effected prior to 31st December, 1859, will participate in the Division of 1863.

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained on application to

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Secretary.

WELLINGTON MONUMENT, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Office of Works, &c., Whitehall, London, 11th June, 1857.

THE Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings, give notice to Artists who have prepared Designs for the Monument proposed to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington, that they will have the opportunity of attending at Westminster Hall, from the 6th to the 11th day of July next (both days inclusive), to unpack and set up their Models in the space previously determined by the First Commissioner, upon expressing their desire to do so, in writing (under signature of the Motto inscribed upon such Models), addressed to the First Commissioner, of the Motto inscribed on or before the 25th instant.

The Models not set up by the 11th July, by the Artists sending them in, will be unpacked and set up under the direction of the Commissioners.

By Order, (Signed) ALFRED AUSTIN, Secretary.

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